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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The cotton operatives' representatives have put forth two appeals *ad misericordiam*—one to the millowners, and the other, for pecuniary relief, to the public. The latter proceeds on the assumption that the conduct of the strikers has been unexceptionable throughout; and both imply a misconception of the real nature of the struggle. "The lock-out," say Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley, "is an unfair and harsh measure of retaliation, and has inflicted untold misery on thousands of helpless women and children who have had no hand in the dispute." The lock-out, reply the masters, is "purely defensive, and, as calculated to shorten the struggle, is the wisest and most merciful course." And the masters are right. In the first place, they are only doing what the men themselves would have done had they the opportunity. Can any one doubt that a single victorious strike would have been the signal for a series of strikes—*i.e.* for a systematic attempt to beat the masters all along the line? The determination to reduce wages was general throughout North and North East Lancashire; and the resolution to resist the reduction equally so. The masters must have stopped their mills sooner or later, and they have done it sooner rather than later. The sufferings of the poor children and the helpless women must, indeed, touch the hardest heart; but it is Mr. Birtwistle and his friends themselves, and not the public who have brought them to that lamentable pass. Their obligation to bear their own burdens and responsibilities necessarily follows from their undoubted right to strike when they choose. As for the public, it is bound to maintain the position of a neutral so long as either belligerent does not transgress the limits of fair play. Public subscriptions for the benefit of the families of those who have struck would only prolong the struggle, and it would have the same effect as that of indiscriminate charity.

There are now, however, some signs of a disposition to come to terms, though they are too few to warrant the hope of an immediate and complete cessation of the lock-out. On Thursday the Mayor of Blackburn telegraphed to the Home Secretary that partial negotiations were in progress in the district. The Preston millowners have made a conditional promise of a return to the old rate of wages three months hence, and the Weavers' Committee in the same locality have announced that, as their funds are exhausted, they are unable to afford any further relief. They have also advised their fellow-workmen to come to terms with the masters. In fact, the end was tolerably clear from the very beginning; and it is one of the most singular characteristics of the present lock-out that even the men themselves have always confessed to the certain expectation of a defeat. The whole battle has been one for short hours instead of short wages; but, as the men have acknowledged that the masters have really been working at a loss, they might surely have allowed the latter to keep the mills going on the plan deemed by the owners to be least expensive and best suited for the emergency. As it is, the losses inflicted upon both sides are already very heavy. The Burnley people have lost between £50,000 and £60,000 in wages alone. Add Preston, Blackburn, Darwen, Accrington, etc., and the wage loss must be counted by hundreds of thousands. But to this, again, must be added the loss of union funds on account of relief, and further, the losses to the masters from stoppage of business and destruction of property. A considerable number of failures, due either wholly or in part to the strikes, have taken place in Burnley within the last few days. Yesterday, too, the stagnation of trade in Manchester, consequent on the Blackburn strikes and riots, still continued; and sellers of goods made in the Blackburn district declined to do business except for stock lots.

On Tuesday evening last the lawyers had a field day in the House of Commons. Sir Henry James commenced with a motion which was in effect an attack on the fitness of Mr. Charley for the office of Common Serjeant. The Conservatives rallied together to support the honourable and learned member for Salford, and Sir Henry James's motion was of course defeated. At the same time it is beyond all question a monstrous thing that, because the Common Council chooses to elect a man as its legal adviser, he should on that account enjoy a criminal jurisdiction equal to that exercised by the Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr. Charley may, or may not, be the able lawyer his friends consider him, but even criminals have their rights, and we can easily imagine a criminal objecting to be tried for felony by a young barrister of no peculiar eminence or distinction, and whose sole claim to the judicial bench is that he has succeeded in ingratiating himself with a couple of hundred prosperous and somewhat purse-proud tradesmen. In any case, it is a misfortune that candidates for judicial office should have to go about, hat in hand, humbly waiting on tallow chandlers, soap boilers, and licensed victuallers. Indeed, Sir Henry James was not answered, but out-voted. The only reply to him was the angry splutter of the member for Londonderry, whose mission in life it would seem to be to abuse the bar on every possible opportunity. It is a pity that the eminent talents of Mr. C. E. Lewis should have been limited to what is politely termed the lower branch of the profession. Had he been a

member of the Bar he might have made a very respectable county court judge. As it is, however, the case of the Corporation is bad indeed when it can find no stouter champion than the gentleman who thought fit to raise a question of privilege because a reporter had called attention to his somewhat too conspicuous white waistcoat.

After the House had by a convincing majority expressed its opinion that Mr. Charley is a very proper person to be Common Serjeant, it turned to a minor legal matter, the codification of the Criminal Law. Sir. John Holker is a good advocate, and in the case of Rubery v. Grant and Sampson, he made a very memorable speech. He is hardly, however, an enthusiastic law reformer. He has, if we may say so with all respect for him, a certain amount of brutal common sense, coupled with a wholesome dislike for any abuses which practically hinder the transaction of business. As soon as he brings his mind to bear on our existing system of legal procedure, he perceives its defects very clearly. He is not, however, a Justinian, and with all his own candour he has frankly admitted that the criminal code which the Government has introduced is the work, not of its own law officers, but of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen—the gentleman whom the Corporation of London might have elected as its Recorder had it not preferred the industrious and respectable mediocrity of Sir Thomas Chambers. The measure is not unlikely to pass for the simple reason that—with the exception perhaps of Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Parnell—there will be nobody to object to it. The reforms which it contains are those which the *Examiner* has always persistently advocated; the most important being the right of appeal in criminal cases, on the ground that the verdict is against the weight of evidence, and the concession to the accused to make a statement in his own behalf, subject to cross-examination. If we may judge from Sir John Holker's speech, he will give the bill a hearty and loyal support. At the same time, it is a noteworthy fact that the real legal work of the existing Government is being done for it by gentlemen who are not in its counsels and are certainly not members of its Party. Should the new code pass into law, as it probably will, the one man who will have left his impress on the Statute Book for the present session will be a practising barrister without a seat in the House.

Every now and then we are treated to a learned disquisition on the question whether morality is or is not progressive. The question is one on which philosophers entertain grave doubts, and upon which they dispute at very considerable length. Without pledging ourselves to any positive opinion on a subject so beset with difficulties, we yet cannot help noticing that there is much in Juvenal which is not altogether inapplicable to the nineteenth century, and that on merely ethical grounds there seems to be but little difference between the London of Victoria and the Rome of Domitian. On Monday morning last the readers of the daily papers were entertained with the particulars of an amusing, disreputable, and very readable suit in the Probate and Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice. The petitioner was a peer; the co-respondent a favourite actor. The evidence was that of coachmen, footmen, and lady's maids, and the suit was absolutely undefended. Should the petitioner need any consolation he will, perhaps, find it in the Sixth Satire—

> Forticibusne tibi monstratur femina voto
> digna tuo? Cuncis an habent spectacula totis,
> quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?
> Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
> Tuscia vesicæ non imperat; Appula gannit,
> sicut in amplexu, subitum et miserabile; longum
> attollit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
> Ast aliæ, quotics aulæa recondita cessant,
> et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
> atque a plebeiis longe Megalesia, tristes
> personam thyrsumque tenent, et subligar Acci.
> Urbicus exodio risum movet Atellanæ
> gestibus Autonoes: hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
> Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula. Sunt, quæ
> Chrysogonum cantare velent. Hispulla tragœdo
> gaudet. An exspectas, ut Quintilianus ametur?
> Accipis uxorem, de qua citherœdus Echion
> raut Glaphyus fiat pater, Ambrosiusque choraules.
> Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos:
> ornentur postes et grandi ianua lauro,
> ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
> nobilis Euryalum mirmillionem exprimat infans.

It is strange how little the world changes, even in eighteen hundred years.

It would seem as if, even in the mere matter of physical endurance, we are not altogether the equals of our grandfathers. On Monday afternoon last the Speaker took the chair a little before four, and the debate on the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday (Ireland) Bill was continued until half-past nine on Tuesday morning. Seventeen and a half hours make a long sitting, even when they are relieved by the eloquence, humour, sarcasm, and invective of such gentlemen as Messrs. O'Sullivan, O'Gorman, Biggar, and McCarthy Downing. There, is, however, a longer sitting upon record than even this—the sitting that suggested 'The Duellist' of Churchill. The *North Briton*, in one of its numbers, spoke of Mr. Samuel Martin, member for Camelford, Secretary to the Treasury and Treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales, as "the secretary of a certain board, a very apt tool of ministerial persecution, who, with a spirit worthy of a Portuguese inquisitor, is hourly looking for carrion in every office to feed the maw of the insatiable vulture." "*Imo etiam in senatum venit, notat et designat unumquemque nostrum:* he marks us and all our innocent families for beggary and ruin. Neither the tenderness of age nor the sacredness of sex is spared by the cruel Scot." In a subsequent number he was denounced as "the most treacherous, base, selfish, mean, abject, low-lived, and dirty fellow, that ever wriggled himself into a secretaryship." This was in the recess; but when Parliament reassembled Mr. Martin brought the matter before the House, taking occasion to express his conviction that Mr. Wilkes was "a malignant, infamous scoundrel, who had stabbed him in the dark." The result was a challenge from Wilkes, which Mr. Martin accepted. The combatants met in Hyde Park, and Wilkes, as it may be remembered, was wounded in the stomach, which his enemies were pleased to call "his most vulnerable limb." The matter ended—as duels usually do end when not fatal—in a cordial reconciliation, and the only memorable feature in the matter is the length of the sitting which led to the dispute. The debate continued without a single adjournment, and the Speaker was twenty hours in the chair.

The Sale of Poisons Act does not seem to touch adulterated poisons concocted for the purpose of destroying what is considered vermin. Yet the theory of the Act is to prevent unauthorized persons from procuring, without due registry of their names and addresses, and full explanation of their motive, drugs which may be used inimically to human life. Any one can buy half a hundred weight of Battle's vermin killer, which is saturated with strychnine, or of the "smut" poison for wheat, and can poison a whole village with it. In December, 1873, a man and a woman were convicted at Gloucester assizes of poisoning a child, and were afterwards executed. Their plan was this. They bought Battle's poison, at which no questions were asked; it was to be purchased at any grocer's. They also bought some "soothing" powders. They opened the latter, shook them out, substituted the Battle powder instead, and handed the "medicine" to the person in charge of the child, to soothe the infant during its teething. The child died in convulsions ten minutes after receiving its first dose. So long as poison can be freely obtained, without inquiry or registration, and can be thus easily introduced into human food, the Sale of Poisons Act is a dead letter. The criminals in question would never have been brought to justice but for some unguarded traces of handwriting which led to their subsequent identification.

The rook is the farmer's friend. It was to protect him and the partridges, as well as small birds who prey upon insects and other vermin, that the Poisoned Grain Act was passed. But in that Act a clause was unfortunately inserted

which empowered a farmer to buy poisoned grains, if in the interests of agriculture. Now some few farmers are short-sighted enough to wish to eat their cake and yet to have it; to reap the benefit of the destruction of parasites which the wild birds work for them, and at the same to save the paltry expence of hiring small boys to "tent" the grain when newly sown. They therefore sow poisoned wheat in a manner which evades the Act. They use a dressing which nominally is intended to prevent "smut" in wheat, and to render it distasteful to birds. We have before us a packet of this stuff. On analysis it proves to contain 90 per cent. of *arsenic*. The label upon it is significant. It assures the purchaser that game and wild birds will not touch grain thus dressed; at the same time it adds that the mixture is *poison*, and warns the purchaser not to place it in any place to which *poultry* have access. Our own experience is that grain which poultry will eat game and rooks also will eat. As a matter of fact, thousands of rooks are weekly poisoned by this mixture. They may be seen dying on the wing; dropping dead within a few hundred yards of the poison-sown field. There are plenty of dressings for grain which will prevent "smut" and not destroy the vitality of the germ, and yet will not injure wild birds. This nominal plea for protection against "smut" is but an evasion of the Poisoned Grain Act, and none know it better than those who sell the mixture, as the wording of the outside label betrays. Yet, unfortunately, the prevention of "smut" is an "interest of agriculture," and so long as the law remains in its present state it will be liable to wholesale evasion.

Even the sacred cause of peace is not altogether without a Jingoism of its own. At the Anti-War and Arbitration Conference recently held at Birmingham certain clerical orators delivered themselves of addresses which, to use their own phrase, "were of no uncertain note." The Rev. Thomas Mossman, of Torrington Rectory, Wragby, after apologising for possible shortcomings on the ground that he "was not accustomed to speak to public assemblies," went on to remind his audience of a certain remarkable occasion upon which "a dumb ass spoke and reproved the madness of a certain prophet." "He thought," Mr. Mossman added "it might be possible he should be able to say that which would reprove the madness of one who, most of all, was responsible for trying to drag us into war. He regarded the Premier as a false prophet, and did not think the people of England would follow him any more than the people of Israel followed Balaam." "There was also," he went on to observe, "some similiarity between the worship of St. Jingo and that of Mumbo Jumbo, for it was the custom of the worshippers of the latter to sacrifice people until the blood was sufficient for a boat to float upon. He believed that the worship of Jingo was also similar to that of Moloch; but there was this difference, that the gentlemen of the London Clubs wanted to sacrifice, not their own children, but those of other people." The Reverend Thomas Mossman, however, was but a sucking dove to the Boanerges by whom he was followed, "the Reverend W. Griffith of Derby." "They had been advised," said the Reverend Mr. Griffith, with grave irony, "to speak calmly. How were they to do so except they were cold-blooded animals? So long as that fellow—that thimble-rigger—that political Asiatic juggler—as long as that man held, humanly speaking, the destinies of Great Britain, they were not safe for an hour. He wished that they could get a petition signed from John o'Groats to Land's End, by every Christian man and by every philanthropist, calling upon the Queen to dismss him from her service. They must get him dismissed; there was no safety. They could not believe the man's word; and when they could not believe the man's word could they trust him? He spoke lies at the Mansion House banquet. He used the word 'lies,' and the Attorney General might bring him up and he would stand by it. When the Prime Minister of the country uttered a wilful lie in the House of Lords, in the presence of the very men who were able to prove that it was a lie, for such a man to be at the head of affairs was a scandal to the nation." What terrible men of war these members of the Church militant are!

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.

If the issues connected with the present crisis were not so unspeakably grave there would be an element of absurdity in the latest phase of the Eastern Question. For generations the efforts of European statesmanship have been exercised in the endeavour to find some *modus vivendi* between Russian and Turk; and now, when the sæcular controversy between the Cross and the Crescent has brought Europe to the very verge of war, we are suddenly informed that Count Schouvaloff has discovered a solution of all our difficulties. This solution is supposed to be of so exceptional a character that it cannot be communicated by letter or telegram without losing its efficacy. Nobody but the Count can explain his own plan, and he can only render it intelligible by word of mouth. So two great Empires are assumed to be kept waiting on the brink of war while the Count travels in hot haste to St. Petersburg, to whisper in the strictest confidence into the ears of the Czar his one true and infallible solution of the Eastern Question, and then travels back in equal haste to impart under the profoundest secrecy to the British Ministry the testimonial in favour of his nostrum which he hopes to bring with him from the Neva. This version of the Schouvaloff mission may seem to be fantastic; but it is not less intrinsically improbable than the commonly received notion that the issue of peace or war depends upon some unknown and momentous communication which the Count is authorised to make orally to the Czar, and to which he is empowered to convey an answer in person. The idea is so intrinsically absurd, that there are sceptics who declare that the Schouvaloff mission is a solemn mystification from begining to end, and that the Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James has simply taken the journey to St. Petersburg to look after his own personal or official interests. There is no need, however, to resort to any elaborate theory to explain the obvious purport of the ambassadorial journey. The Count has had exceptional opportunities for studying the respective powers of the various forces, social, political, or personal, which determine the policy of England, and it is natural enough that, on the eve of taking a decision which may involve the risk of an European war, the Russian Government should wish to learn from the Count, in the freedom of personal intercourse, what, under given conditions, the policy of England is likely to be. We see good cause to hope that the Count's own influence will be exerted in the interests of peace; but, to suppose that peace can be secured by the accident of his passing a couple of days at St. Petersburg seems to us the idlest and most unaccountable of delusions.

So far, all that can fairly be said with regard to Count Schouvaloff's journey is that the mere fact of its having been undertaken, as well as the fictitious importance which has purposely been assigned to it in official quarters, must be accepted as indications that Russia is anxious to gain time before committing herself to any decisive policy. This hesitation furnishes in itself good ground for hoping that peace may ultimately be preserved. We are now informed that no decision will be taken till our own Government has had time to consider the communications which the Russian Ambassador is to bring back next week from St. Petersburg. In other words, fresh pleas are to be found for avoiding any immediate rupture. This obvious desire to protract diplomatic negotiations is susceptible of a variety of explanations, but the most simple, as well as the most satisfactory one, is to be found in the supposition that Russia is anxious, if possible, to avoid the necessity of war. Meanwhile the situation at Constantinople remains apparently unchanged. The statement that, in consequence of the imperative demands of General Todleben, the Turks had agreed to the immediate evacuation of the fortresses whose surrender is one of the principal conditions of the San Stefano Treaty, appears to be premature. All persons experienced in the course of Oriental negotiations are aware that the invariable rule of a Turkish disputant is to agree in theory as to the abstract principle in dispute, and then to raise difficulties as to its practical application. This course seems to have

been followed on the present occasion. Unless the Porte is prepared to repudiate the whole Treaty of Peace it has no option except to profess its intention of carrying out the provisions of the convention at the earliest opportunity. In as far as we can gather, General Todleben's remonstrances seem to have been met with the most satisfactory assurances that the Porte had nothing more at heart than the execution of its agreement, but these assurances have not since been followed by any immediate action. The Russian Commander-in-Chief was doubtless prepared for this discrepancy between promise and performance, and as he does not appear to have taken any steps to coerce the Turkish Government into compliance, it would seem that in the East, as in the West, the present policy of Russia is to postpone any decisive action. The reports as to the Mussulman rising in Bulgaria are so vague and untrustworthy that it is difficult to form any opinion as to the military importance of the insurrection. No further measures of any important kind seem to have been adopted with respect to the proposed intervention of Austria or the rumoured occupation of Roumania. Indeed, the one noteworthy incident which has occurred during the week is the announcement that the Porte has placed a qualified veto on the further entrance of British men-of-war into the Sea of Marmora.

According to a statement which appeared in yesterday's *Standard*, and which professes to be given on official authority, the Porte has made a communication to the British Government to the effect that under present circumstances Admiral Hornby cannot be allowed to increase the number of his squadron, and that, in consequence, no English ironclad will be granted leave to enter the Dardanelles except to replace a vessel of like burden which had previously taken its departure. The step is one which must obviously have been adopted in deference to the wishes of Russia, and the natural conclusion, from its adoption, is that the Porte is anxious to conciliate the goodwill of St. Petersburg so long as it can do so without giving any positive offence to England. The incident, however, though of no great moment in itself, serves to show once more how extremely unsatisfactory is the position held by our fleet in the Sea of Marmora, and how, at any moment, a sudden vacillation in the counsels of the Seraglio might place us under the alternative of either sacrificing an important strategical advantage, or of openly defying the authority of the very Government whose independence we profess to uphold as a matter of vital importance to the welfare of Europe. Little light has been thrown, since we last wrote, on the true character of the Russian operations across the Atlantic. The Government of St. Petersburg there is now no further room to doubt, has actually purchased vessels in America with the apparent object of fitting them out as cruisers in the event of war. But, so far, these purchases have not been made on a scale to indicate any serious intention of repeating the tactics adopted by the Confederate States during the Secession War. It is possible, if not probable, that the studied publicity with which the Russians have conducted their proceedings at New York and San Francisco may be accounted for on the theory that the real object of these purchases is to alarm England as to the contingent consequences of a war with Russia. We are not disposed to underrate the injury which might be inflicted on British commerce by Muscovite cruisers, nor can we deny the possibility that, with the utmost good faith on the part of the Federal Government, such cruisers might possibly effect their escape from American ports even after war had been declared between England and Russia. But, unless the three rules of the Geneva Award are to be regarded as a dead letter, these cruisers, even if they got out to sea, could not enjoy that facility of access to neutral ports which forms an essential condition to the success of a maritime raid similar to that conducted by the Alabama and her consorts. Hitherto the Government of the United States has acted with loyalty towards England, and there is no ground for suspecting America of any desire to evade her obligations. Altogether, the relations between England and Russia have not been materially altered by the events of the last few days, and there is now every reason to suppose that no decisive alteration will be effected for some days to come.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

The abortive crime of which Berlin has just been the scene adds another to the long list of instances in which the lives of Royal personages have been attempted without success. The reason why crimes of this kind result so much more frequently in failure than attempts at murder committed against private persons seems to us obvious enough. In the latter case, the desire to effect the death of his victim, whether instigated by revenge or malice, or greed, overrides all other considerations in the mind of the assassin. In the former case, the wish to rid the earth of a personage to whom the assassin objects on political or national grounds is subordinated to a desire either to secure his own personal safety, or else to vindicate himself from the suspicion of being actuated by sordid motives. It does not seem clear how far the man Hödel really contemplated the assassination of the Emperor William. The crime, in as far as its character can be understood at present, reads more like the act of a half-crazed lunatic than that of a determined desperado of the Fieschi or Orsini class. Indeed, it is not easy to understand what public object any man in his senses could have hoped to achieve by the assassination of the Emperor William. Except in 1848, when, as commander of the Prussian troops, he suppressed the Baden insurrection with excessive and almost vindictive severity, His Majesty has never been personally unpopular. Of late years the Emperor's high military repute, and his direct association with the victories of the German armies, have combined with his obvious honesty of purpose, his graciousness of manner, and his venerable age, to secure him a very large amount of genuine popular affection. Throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland, there is, probably, no single person who is regarded with such general good will as the aged Kaiser. The animosities which his career has inevitably called into being are from obvious causes directed against Prince Bismarck rather than against the reigning sovereign. If it were possible to undo the work achieved in Germany during the last decade for evil or for good by the violent removal of any single personage from the face of the globe, that personage would manifestly be the Chancellor and not the Emperor. Even if it was not a matter of certainty that, in the course of natural events, the reign of his Majesty cannot be long protracted, no great change could be effected by the curtailment of the years still remaining to him. It is possible that the present Crown Prince may be of a somewhat more liberal turn of mind than his father, but so long as the Hohenzollerns remain upon the throne of Germany, and so long as their policy is dictated by Prince Bismarck, or, more exactly speaking, is in accordance with the ideas of which the Chancellor is the exponent, it can make very little practical difference whether a William Frederick or a Frederick William happens to be the Emperor of Germany.

We are disposed, therefore, to consider Hödel as a criminal belonging to the same category as Dr. Dodwell, or any other of the half-cracked lunatics who, partly from some confused idea of ill-defined injury, partly from a morbid craving for notoriety, and still more from general absence of any reasoning faculty, distinguish themselves by futile attempts to assassinate public personages—attempts which, we may add, are executed as a rule with a feebleness of purpose corresponding to their imbecility of conception. Nor can we see much reason to regard Hödel in the light of a Socialist conspirator. After the fashion of his class, the man had been mixed up in every sort of crazy enterprise and cracked-brained movement, but he had fallen out even with the enthusiasts and fanatics whose ideas he had professed to share, and at the time when he attempted to kill the Emperor he appears to have acted simply and solely upon his own muddled purpose or want of purpose. Still, the fact that Hödel's crime has been assigned in Germany to the action of a Socialist conspiracy throws considerable light upon the internal condition of the German Empire. The extraordinary series of military and political successes by which the unification of Germany has been effected, the unexpected facility with which the minor States of the Fatherland have been consolidated under one Government, the readiness with which the supremacy of Berlin

has been accepted south as well as north of the Main, and the exceptional pre-eminence in European affairs which the course of recent events has tended to confer upon the Hohenzollern dynasty, have, each in their turn, contributed to create an impression abroad that the new order of things established in the Fatherland is built upon too firm a foundation to be overthrown by any internal agitation. On the whole, we believe this impression to be in accordance with facts. But we think that the public are too apt to overlook the existence of certain subversive forces in the new Empire which militate against the permanence of its institutions. To all practical intents and purposes Germany is ruled by an autocratic Government, though under the forms of a Constitutional *régime*. It would be, perhaps, more accurate to say that Germany is administered by a Constitutional Government, carried on, as a matter of fact, on exactly the same principles as those by which the *Quarterly Review* holds, as a matter of theory, that England ought to be governed. In Germany as in England the different estates of the realm may technically be described as forming independent and co-equal powers. But whereas in the latter country the Crown, in the event of a conflict of opinion, has ultimately to give way to Parliament, in the former a completely opposite principle prevails in practice. In other words, the Crown is the dominant Power in the German Empire. No doubt, the supremacy of the reigning dynasty is due not only to the immense military force at its disposal, but to the circumstance that it has hitherto carried on the administration of the country ably and honestly in accordance with the wishes and interests of the great majority of its inhabitants; but still the broad fact remains that Germany is ruled by an autocratic system of Government.

A community so civilised, so educated, and so independent as that of Germany cannot remain permanently satisfied with a state of things under which it does not possess the control of its own destinies. From time to time occasions must arise on which the sentiment of the nation at large is at variance with that of its rulers. Only to cite one example out of many recent ones, it is notorious that the foreign policy of the Court has not of late been in harmony with popular feeling. From a variety of causes, whether reasonable or otherwise, the idea of a Russo-German coalition is viewed with disfavour by the classes which in Germany take the lead in political affairs. Hitherto, however, the Government has been enabled by the sheer force of its own will to disregard the opposition of the political classes, and to associate the policy of the Empire with that of Russia. As yet there is no idea of defying the authority of the Government, but the very consciousness that such an attempt must prove unsuccessful cannot fail to strengthen the desire of the Liberal and Parliamentary party for a modification of the existing system. Thus, if we have made our meaning clear, the same classes and interests which, in England, are in favour, under whatever name, of maintaining the settled order of things are, in Germany, passively antagonistic to the established institutions of the country. There is no need to point out how the want of any cordial co-operation between the Crown and the rising middle classes in the Fatherland tends to increase the force of those disturbing elements which are to be found in our days to a greater or less degree in every European country. The influence of the Clerical party on the one hand and of the Socialist organisations on the other are both hostile to the principles on which the State is ruled in Germany. Under self-governing institutions, in which the power of the executive is supported by the force of free public opinion, neither Clericalism nor Socialism have any chance of making head in the present conditions of Europe. But the case is different where the executive relies on its individual strength far more than on the collective support of the community. The chief, if not the sole danger with which the permanence of the German Empire is threatened arises from the impending conflict between the systems of parliamentary and autocratic rule which has hitherto been kept in check by the military successes of the army. The good sense of the German people and the patriotic feeling of the reigning dynasty may be relied upon in the end to bring about a modification of a system of government inconsistent with the political wants and requirements of the age. But, if the grand fabric of German unity now at length established should be overthrown on the eve of its completion, that overthrow is, in our judgment, far more likely to be caused by the autocratic theories which find favour with the Hohenzollerns than by the revolutionary doctrines which are supposed to have instigated Hödel to his criminal attempt.

PRESS CORPORATIONS.

At the dinner of the Press Fund, which is to be held to-night, it is probable enough that some allusion may be made to the recent establishment of a kindred institution in Italy. In an interesting letter which appeared in *The Times* of Monday last, and which, judging by internal evidence, may be attributed to Mr. Gallenga, a long account was given of a Press Club which has just been started in Rome. To those who knew the Eternal City not ten years ago, when the only papers published within its walls were the *Official Gazette* and the Papal *Voce délla Verità*, and when few, if any other newspapers, native or foreign, could be obtained for love or money, it seems strange to hear of a journalistic association in Rome established, not only for the convenience of newspaper writers, but for the express object of extending and concentrating the power of the Press. The interest, however, of this Roman Press Club lies not so much in the evidence it affords of the advance of liberal progress abroad as in the reflections it suggests as to the functions which a similar institution might discharge at home. The club in question owes its existence to a conviction amongst Italian journalists that corporate action was required to remedy an abuse appertaining to the rapid development of newspapers under free institutions. From a variety of causes Italian journalism has been founded on the French, rather than the English model. Italian newspaper writers are individually identified with their articles to an extent unknown in this country; and, as a necessary consequence, press controversies are accompanied with extreme personalities. As a result of this state of things newspaper duels in the Peninsula had become matters of constant occurrence. But the fashion of the literary *duello* was a Parisian importation which never flourished kindly on Italian soil. French writers, such as George Sand and Stendhal, who have made the Peninsula their study, are never weary of dwelling upon the absence of personal vanity which characterises the Italians as distinguished from their Gallic kinsfolk. To a French *littérateur* the satisfaction of figuring in a duel outweighs any consideration of the risk, or still more of the inherent illogicality, of the whole affair. To the simpler and more material character of the Italian fighting for the sake of fighting has little attraction. Except in cases where strong passions or great stakes are involved it seems to the ordinary Italian mind that to risk your own life or to take that of your neighbour is not so much a sin as an absurdity. Thus, the instinct of Italian journalists was unfavourable to the principle of settling an argumentative dispute by an appeal to swords or pistols. On the other hand the newspaper writers of the Peninsula were influenced by an almost servile respect for the social code of the French press, and felt it incumbent upon them to resort to duelling in cases which, if they had occurred in Paris, would have led to an encounter at Vincennes or the Bois de Boulogne.

Some short time ago it seems to have struck the wiser heads of the Italian newspaper world that the practice of duelling amidst the craft, to quote an old saying, "had increased, was increasing, and ought to be decreased." In order to effect their purpose they did not propose to preach a crusade against the wickedness of duelling in the abstract or to call for repressive legislation to put an end to the abuse. All that they aspired to do was to restrict the custom of newspaper duelling within reasonable limits by laying down the principle that no journalist should be obliged, or permitted, to accept a challenge until the cause of quarrel had been adjudicated upon by a professional jury of honour. In

the event of this self-constituted court deciding that there was no sufficient ground for fighting, the journalist challenged was, in virtue of that judgment, to be not only relieved from the necessity of risking his life to vindicate his honour but to be absolutely precluded from so doing, under pain of incurring the censure of the tribunal. Of course, the first difficulty which suggested itself was as to the authority with which this court of honour was to be invested. The originators of the idea came to the conclusion that the best way to obtain the requisite authority was to have the jury of honour appointed by election from amidst the members of the newspaper profession, and as a necessary step to the effectuation of their purpose, they proceeded to organize a journalistic association, the members of which were pledged by the statutes of the society to obey the decisions of their elected committee. The idea proved a success, and the leading journalists of the Peninsula are now affiliated to a sort of literary trades union. Already, if report is correct, the authority of this Union is so great that its collective decisions in matters of honour are accepted as binding, and the mere threat of exclusion from its ranks is found sufficient to ensure compliance with its award. By the instrumentality of this body duelling in Italy amidst newspaper writers has been practically put a stop to, save under circumstances of exceptional provocation.

The story of the Italian Press Union cannot fail to suggest the thought how many useful purposes might be served by the establishment of a corporate body in this country which was in a position to exercise some kind of collective influence in Press matters. Journalism in England has now become a recognised calling, whether you choose to describe it as a profession or a trade, and yet it is about the only important calling in our community which possesses no acknowledged representative body. The Royal Literary Fund does good work in its way, but has no claim, and, indeed, makes no pretension, to do anything beyond dispensing charity to the impecunious members of the literary craft. Technically speaking, the Fund, if we are rightly informed, does not recognize journalistic distinction as constituting any plea for the bestowal of its benevolence, and we believe it is only within the last few months that any gentleman has ever been elected to the working body of the institution who had any title to be regarded as a journalist pure and simple. In truth, the Royal Literary Fund is not a body of men of letters, but an association of well-to-do people, who desire, with or without reason, to relieve some of the ills to which authors are supposed to be exceptionally liable. The Press Fund has a far better title to be considered a representative literary institution. Its members are men who live by literary labour, and the resources of the Fund are mainly derived from the contributions of working journalists. Still, the Fund has never stood alone, and has always looked to the generosity of wealthy patrons to eke out its income. The flavour of patronage which surrounds the Press Fund has, perhaps, contributed more than any other cause to deprive it of the cordial support of the newspaper profession. At any rate, the higher ranks of journalism have steadily held aloof from the Fund. Their abstention, which is mainly due to the hostile attitude assumed by *The Times* at the outset, may be, and we think is ill-advised. But while it lasts the Fund is utterly incapable of fulfilling functions analagous to those which the Italian Press Association has been appointed to discharge. Yet no man acquainted with the modern aspect of English journalism, and, still less, no man who is proud of the glories and traditions attaching to this branch of literature, can shut his eyes to the fact that there are many serious and growing abuses in the Press which require to be controlled, and which can only be controlled by the authority of professional opinion embodied in some corporate capacity. If there existed any Press Association in England, affiliation to which was practically essential to success in journalism, the fear of committing any offence which might involve exclusion from the Union would compel its members to comply with the literary code of honour enforced by the rules, and still more by the spirit of the Association. There is no need to specify particular instances. Anybody conversant with contemporary literature can recall abuses of journalistic license which within a recent period have brought discredit upon the newspaper calling. If there had been any possibility for the journalistic profession to express its collective opinion on the abuses to which we allude their repetition would have been rendered impossible. As it is, the impunity with which these literary outrages have been attended is certain to lead to the growth of the license of which we complain. We are not blind to the manifold and, we are afraid, almost insuperable difficulties which attend any attempt to establish a system of co-operation amidst the contributors to periodical literature. But, while the distinguished visitors who to-night will occupy the places of honour at the Press Fund dinner are repeating the stock common places about the influence and grandeur of the Fourth Estate, it would be well for the working members of the Fund to ask themselves why it is that for all practical purposes the institution is less able to protect and uphold the moral and material interests of the craft than the humblest of trades unions in the United Kingdom.

IMPERIALISM IN INDIA.

CALCUTTA, APRIL 3, 1878.

On the 1st of January, 1877, at the old Mogul capital of Delhi, the Queen was proclaimed, with all the pomps which befit Oriental tradition, Empress of India. What took place at Delhi and in every station in India on that day was no formal ceremony or unmeaning pomp. It was the solemn assertion of the fact that the Queen of England is the Sovereign of India and that the English are the absolute masters of the Indian Empire with its millions of inhabitants. Men regarded it as a gracious and timely message of peace and good will, a sure promise of better days to come, a formal charter of rights hitherto begrudged or disregarded in fact if not in words. A new era of national progress was solemnly proclaimed amidst the booming of guns and clangs of martial music. A question penetrated men more strongly than the *blare* of trumpets: how are we to govern this great inheritance bequeathed to us by the courage of heroes, by the wisdom of statesmen? The extension of our dominion over India by force of arms had been an accident forced upon us by an untoward necessity. We trampled out no nationality. We were only the successors of a foreign empire which had fallen into decay by the corroding vices of despotism. The Mussulman power was effete long before the battle of Plassey. Cruel, sensual, and intolerant, the Mahomedans were unfit to rule, though able to conquer. Claiming to exercise sway as of divine right, they were destitute of every gift with which races can consolidate and improve a great Empire, and fell by necessity under the power of a nation replete with energy and resolution. It was the Afghans and not the English who on the fated field of Pamput destroyed the hopes of Hindu supremacy in India. The Mahrattas were freebooters and knew not the civilized arts of government, and no one regarding the interests of the millions of India can regret Assaye Deeg and Maharajpore. The great Merchant Company which subdued India in less than a hundred years perished in the zenith of its greatness, because it imported for its own use the might of civilization, but never sufficiently cared to exhibit to the millions of India its beneficent features. It worshipped wealth and power, and it fell by the hands of its army.

Men regarded the first day of 1877 as the dawn of a brighter day both for England and India. The reign of law and civilized rule was about to commence. The days of broken pledges, ruined families, impoverished ryots and imperfect justice were passed. We were at last going to give the natives of India a share in the government of their own country; we were going to strengthen at the same time our hold upon the soil and upon the hearts of the people; tighten the bonds of conquest and of mutual interest. Men were, however, quickly awakened from this bright dream, and they discovered that the ceremony at Delhi marked not the beginning of a new era of Liberal Government, but of tawdry Imperialism. Misery and splendour are linked with terrible closeness in our Eastern Empire. At the very moment Lord Lytton was proclaiming Her Majesty Empress with all possible pomp and

show, some millions of her subjects were suffering from the most terrible of all pangs—the pangs of hunger. The Imperial Government had been warned of the calamity months before, but they refused to recognise the existence of famine because they feared it would interfere with the Delhi show. The show over, Sir Richard Temple was sent on his special mission. Then followed the discreditable squabbles between the Supreme and the Local Governments. Sir Philip Wodehouse and Sir Michael Kennedy, by their tenacity and firmness, saved the Bombay Presidency, but in Madras the state of the country grew worse day by day. At last the Duke of Buckingham, goaded to desperation, appealed to English opinion and English charity. Then the Supreme Government, at first too unconcerned, and afterwards too dogmatic, saw the errors of their way, and Lord Lytton paid a visit to the affected districts. It would have been better if he had visited them months before, instead of keeping a sham continental court at Calcutta and Sumla. The Viceroy's sympathy for starving ryots would have done more to strengthen our Empire than minute regulations about the length of ladies' trains. The veil which concealed the birth of the Second Empire in India was being rapidly drawn aside. Officials who criticised the new *régime* were severely punished; those who knew how to praise it in an inspired Organ received their reward. The Viceroy exhausted the adjectives in the English language in praise of the brood of Imperial courtiers which were gathered round his Eastern throne. But he sternly forbade any public servant to memorialize Government. Imperialism could not understand that the right to petition the Crown is rightly considered the dearest privilege of an Englishman. To prevent a responsible body of men from stating all complaints is the surest method of creating a discontended body of public servants. A discontented body of public servants means danger to the security of the Empire. A Government may if it pleases take pleasure in regulating its dealings with its servants after the examples of the sharpest and most despotic of monarchs, but it must be prepared to reap the serious and lasting disadvantage of such a course. The civilians in India soon learnt why the Imperial Government had a rooted objection to memorials. Memorials are useful instruments in bringing to light jobs, and Imperialism loves darkness and jobbery. An old and distinguished civilian was deprived of his appointment, one of the most important in India, to make room for a youth of twenty-four who had been eleven months in India, but who had strong interest at the Imperial Court. The injured civilian has been handsomely provided for by the Viceroy; but the redress of particular grievances and the reversal of particular acts of injustice produce little or no effect, for no one knows when the next piece of harsh treatment may be inflicted and suffered, and whether any redress will be obtained for it at all.

Imperialism has a gift for ceremonial and a passion for orders and ribbons. The Bonapartes loved to bedizen their courtiers with tinsel decorations; and the pinchbeck Imperial Court at Calcutta, fashioned after the pattern of the Court of the Second Empire, celebrated the anniversary of its birth by the creation of a new Brummagem order. However, not satisfied with decorating themselves, the Imperialists determined to decorate their wives, and the *Gazette of India* announced the creation of the Order of the Crown of India for ladies. The time chosen was inopportune. Men could not help remembering that during the year, under our civilized rule, in Madras and Mysore alone, two millions of people had died from the vulgar want of food. It was the pale, genuine shadow of Death being ceremoniously ushered along by the grinning shadows of etiquette. The creation of an order for Imperial ladies roused the contempt of sensible men, but the License Tax had shocked their sense of justice. The Bill compelled the poor tradesman, living in some wretched hovel, to pay for the prices of famines, but it exempted the wealthy barrister or rich civilian. Its first fruit has been the serious rioting at Surat, where the inhabitants objected to the inquisitorial character of the forms used to obtain the information considered necessary to enable Government to arrange the tax-payers in their respective classes. These forms make the License Tax as objectionable as the Income Tax to tradesmen, who naturally object to their private affairs being enquired into by petty officials. The License Bill is one of those mysteries of mortal folly which no plummet line can fathom. It looked as if Lord Lytton and his Imperial Councillors were deliberately casting about for the best method of raising the fierce antipathies of the Indian Press. The measure was unanimously condemned by the whole Indian Press, English and Vernacular. Imperialism bears not the healthy breeze of criticism, and, flushed with success or disquieted by fear, it does not have the sense to remain quiet. Imperialism, without a press law and official censors, seemed to Lord Lytton and his Council incomplete, and in a few hours they passed a Bill which deprived some millions of Her Majesty's subjects of the freedom of speech. *Facilis descensus Averni* seems to be the history of all Imperialism. Not more than a year before, at the very Delhi assemblage from which we are to date a new era of national progress, Lord Lytton received a deputation from the Native Press, and in his speech he confessed that he would be an unworthy representative of Her Majesty the Queen "if he could for one moment doubt the loyalty of *any* portion of Her Majesty's Indian subjects." It was also with especial pleasure that he received the loyal sentiments (contained in the native editor's address) from gentlemen whom he recognised as the "natural and acknowledged exponents of the opinions of the people of this country." He also added that "Her Majesty's Government, and, in fact no Government can give satisfaction to every section of the community, and therefore *it must be prepared to be criticised.*"

A year after this, Lord Lytton and his Government have muzzled the native press because it dared to tell an unflattering tale. In spite of the Viceroy's smooth sayings, the whole native public cannot help regarding the bill as an expression of profound mistrust. Lord Lytton has proclaimed to the world that our despotism, tempered by a free press and constitutional forms, has proved a failure. England wished to exhibit to the world the noble spectacle of a vast population learning to govern itself under the auspices of superior benevolence and wisdom. It may be that this was an illusion, but at least it sprang from a generous and high-minded feeling, and it had the effect of imbuing a conquering race with sentiments of moderation. The veil, thin as it may have been, has been torn away. We have now entered upon an Imperial policy which has hitherto made tyrants of mother-countries and rebels of dependencies. It is for the House of Commons to decide whether India is to be governed after the pattern of continental despotism. The greatest service Englishmen can render to the world is to be true to their own institutions and to have some faith in the stability of a government founded on their models. O. E. W.

MORE OBSTRUCTION.

Monday's sitting of the House of Commons gave the heroes of Obstruction another opportunity for ingloriously distinguishing themselves. Had it not been that a few votes were taken in supply we might fairly say that during seventeen hours the House practically did no business at all. It is, however, worth while to study the proceedings, because they prove that the party of which Mr. Parnell's recognised ability has made him the leader, cannot fairly be accused of being the only obstructive one in the House. The Liberals as well as the Tories at different periods of the evening played the parts usually allotted to Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and O'Connor Power—for they, too, managed to get up irrelevant, inopportune discussions, which could end in nothing but waste of time. For example, nobody would accuse Mr. Hussey Vivian of being an Obstructive Home Ruler. Yet, how we can suppose he was facilitating the transaction of public business by raising a debate on the employment of the Indian troops when a future day had been practically fixed for it by common consent passes all belief. We hold very strong opinions on the subject, but for all that we cannot understand what good can be gained by raising the question in such a form that it offers no distinct and definite issue with which to go to a division. The result of Mr. Vivian's tactics was that a vast deal of time on Monday night was wasted in a discussion which rambled

in a desultory way over the foreign policy of the Ministry, and mixed up in the most inextricable confusion the distinct questions, first, regarding the propriety of employing Indian troops, and secondly, of employing them without previously consulting Parliament about the matter. The conduct of the Opposition is often said to be weak. The reason is that it dissipates its strength in guerilla outbreaks on trivial occasions. When a great opportunity arises it invariably collapses from sheer feebleness.

But after Mr. Vivian had been disposed of, the real troubles of the House began. A great many small votes in Supply were taken, which enabled obstructives to shine in debate with unwonted splendour. Then came the hour when such vigilant guardians of the public purse in England as Mr. O'Donnell waxed furious over the payment of a few hundred pounds a year for editing the *London Gazette*, and Mr. Parnell harangued at length on the folly of subsidising 'Hansard' for keeping a full record of Parliamentary debate. This was an unkind act. Probably there would be no need to subsidise 'Hansard' if it were not that the development of the art of speaking against time, which the Irish members have cultivated so arduously of late, has greatly increased the labour of compiling Parliamentary reports. Then, again, too, one would think that political gentlemen from Ireland who are not usually supposed to be much blessed with this world's goods, might have refrained from girding at an official journalist whose chief duty is to give bankruptcies, liquidations, first settlements, sequestrations, and the like "bold advertisement." Then, again, though the Queen's Colleges in Ireland have not been vastly successful, yet, if they are to remain at all, they must in all fairness be furnished with the means of doing their work. By all means attack them directly in front if it happen that they merit attack. But let us not nibble at them from behind, as did Mr. Sullivan, and the little mutual admiration clique in which he lives. They and their leader almost went crazy with passion because Government allowed the Queen's University a small sum for the purposes of printing "examination papers" and other official documents. Yet they must have known that Parliament, having decided that the colleges should remain as they are, cannot be asked to rescind its decision upon such a trifling issue as a dispute about a printer's bill. However, we are quite willing to admit that as the small hours ran on on Monday night, the obstructives were materially aided by the Tories opposite to them. Mr. Gray, who speaks with a strange squeaky voice, was of course turned into an object of ridicule by these eminently gentlemanlike men—men of the same class who used to behave disrespectfully to the late Mr. Mill when he was in the House, and whenever he paused for the right word to express precisely what he wanted to say. On Monday night they were in their glory. They made debate impossible by drowning Mr. Gray's poor husky falsetto in a variety of noises usually emitted by some of the more familiar lower animals, and for this one Hibernian orator indignantly threatened to drag them to the bar of what he called "justus." But why should we be hard on these worthy gentlemen? They "are not orators as Brutus was." They have no leader left who can put their prejudice and passion into polished sarcasm and invective; besides, have not two members of the present Ministry absolutely "crowed" and "he-ha'd" themselves into office.

Then, again, when the Irish Sunday Closing Bill came up on this eventful night, the English Tories who are offering it bravely took up the *rôle* of Mr. Parnell. They obstructed might and main till a compromise was made and another night promised for the full discussion of the bill. This outbreak on Monday night proves, as we say, that a great deal of the talk with reference to obstruction hitherto indulged in has been sheer nonsense. It is a practice that is confined to no one section of the House, for Irish Home Rulers, English Tories, and even moderate Liberals, all had a hand in Monday's proceedings. It is only in the abstract that everybody condemns obstruction, because, as Hosea Biglow says, a sin in the abstract is a sin nobody can commit. Practically, and in the concrete, "everybody does it" when it suits to obstruct. Of course an outcry is raised as to the forms of the House that permit of such doings. Why should we not alter these and render obstruction and waste of time impossible? The question can only be settled by a careful weighing of two sets of evils. What we are suffering from we know. What we may have to endure under altered rules we know not. Time might have been saved on Monday if votes in Supply had not been objected to. But then the mischief done to the people by debates which compel their representatives to sit at work for seventeen hours over a trifle, is as nothing compared with that which must follow any rules restricting the rights of full criticism and objection on every detail of the Supply Order. We value the advantages of Parliamentary Government too highly to recommend restrictive rules which would kill its free spirit, merely because once or twice a season a few hot-headed Irishmen abuse the forms of the House. No institution is perfect. The very best one that can be devised has some evil associated with its working. But ere we meddle rashly with it, we ought to satisfy ourselves that the evil overbalances the good it does. We confess the utility of criticising votes in Supply appears to us so undoubted, that we should shrink from interfering with the practice merely because on Monday night it permitted the Irish contingent to waste a few hours of valuable Parliamentary time.

THE COTTON RIOTS.

The incidents of the trade war now raging throughout North and North-Eastern Lancashire present some remarkable contrasts to those of the recent strike and lock-out in the Bolton district. In Bolton the dispute was fought out with admirable good humour on both sides. There does not seem to have occurred a single violation of fair play during the eight weeks of hunger—and too often of absolute destitution—that elapsed before the operatives consented to resume work on the masters' terms. On the contrary, the Bolton strike was distinguished for an interchange of civilities which considerably astonished the foreign critic, and affected the insular sentimentalist in a manner wonderful to behold. Here was a case ostensibly of war to the knife; and yet the masters were treating the hungry strikers to excellent breakfasts and suppers *gratis*. They even improvised reading rooms, and supplied them with chess-boards, dominoes, and other means of innocent recreation. They actually went to the extremity of organizing country picnics—for the special benefit, we presume, of the more juvenile "hands." All these little attentions were accepted and appreciated in the same spirit in which they were offered. But the present dispute shows scarcely a single trace of this commendable feeling. Colonel Jackson and his partner, like many other millowners in the affected districts, expressed their willingness to spend from ten to twenty pounds a week in the relief of the most necessitous cases. It is not soup, however, that the operatives want, but wages; and either they or gangs of ruffians who pretend to support their cause have burned down Colonel Jackson's house and compelled the inmates to fly for their lives. The scenes of rioting that have been witnessed at Blackburn, Preston, Burnley, Accrington, and Darwen, since the 7th inst., are perhaps unexampled, except in the Nottingham frame-breaking riots of a past generation. Almost all the cotton mills in Blackburn and its vicinity have been attacked. Of many mills nothing remains but the shell and a heap of rubbish. The injuries inflicted on the police-officers have been severe, and in some instances it is feared fatal. On Tuesday evening the Riot Act was read at Blackburn, and shortly after midnight a detachment of the 15th Foot was in possession. Companies of the 17th Lancers and a dragoon regiment have also been called out; and at Burnley, as elsewhere, arrangements have been made for the enrolment of special constables. There is a disposition in some quarters to question the wisdom of a recourse to military aid; but, before discussing this point, let us first inquire who are really responsible for these disgraceful and ferocious riots.

Some allege that the culprits are the trades unionists; others, speaking more generally, "the operatives." But there is not a tittle of evidence to show that the Unions,

as such, are guilty. To begin with, only a fraction of the operatives on strike—about a fourth, we believe—are Unionists. The efforts of the Unionists—or at all events of their leaders—have been, so far as we have been able to follow them, honestly directed towards the maintenance of peace. Not only Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley, but the leading Unionists throughout the districts, have by means of placards and public addresses warned their fellow-workers against the folly and injustice of violence. It is true that the Sheffield grinders are not the only Unionists who have committed brutal assaults; but it is also true that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the mere fact of Unionism has been a guarantee for fair play. Savagery was the ordinary characteristic of strikes among the Nottingham weavers and "the North of England" ironworkers until they formed themselves into Unions. A Unionist battle may, no doubt, prove more costly and tedious than one after the guerilla fashion; but it has been found in practice to be tolerably consistent with mutual respect and good feeling. In the first place, then, the riots have not arisen from Unionism, but from the sense of hunger, which has been aggravated by the consciousness that the non-organised many are out of work because the Unionist few have fallen out with the masters. It must be distinctly understood that this is a Unionist dispute, and not one which originated with the operatives generally. Rioting under such circumstances may be very bad political economy, but there is a good deal of human nature in it all the same. We are not sure that under the same circumstances even the charity of the millowners might not excite resentment as readily as gratitude. It might be asked, if the masters can afford to distribute soup *ad libitum*, and to undertake the support of "ten thousand children" in one district alone, why can they not concede the ten per cent. and allow us to maintain ourselves? But, in the second place, it is by no means clear that this is purely an operatives' disturbance. It has been remarked that the most prominent of the Blackburn rioters were persons unknown in the trade; and there are strong reasons for believing that the roughs and loafers of North and North-Eastern Lancashire have taken advantage of the wages dispute to organise a system of window-smashing and incendiarism. With such inflammable material to work upon, a gang of reckless blackguards of the kind described in the *Daily News* correspondence might easily and speedily get through an incalculable amount of mischief. We are assured that the Darwen disturbance was not originally a trade riot, but arose out of a row with five drunken men; and it seems a significant fact that when they did muster, to the number of six hundred, armed with pokers, hatchets, clubs, tongs, and even revolvers, the operatives not only consented to disperse on the magistrate's assurance that their three fellow-workmen would be released, but even escorted that excellent gentleman through the streets to the tune of "He's a jolly good fellow." The "hands" are unquestionably responsible for much of the damage. Even at the very beginning of the strife, the cry of "hang Jackson," sometimes went unchallenged in large meetings of *bonâ fide* operatives. But it is evident that at least a large share of the guilt attaches to a set of scoundrels who have no more to do with the wages question than with the operations of the Stock Exchange; and this opinion received general support during the Lords' discussion of the subject on Thursday night. Of the two hundred and more strikes that have occurred since November, 1877, throughout England and Scotland, this is the only one that has been attended with destruction of life and property; but the rowdies of the Blackburn district have long since earned a notoriety of which even the "lambs" of Nottingham could hardly have boasted.

The Darwen workmen resented the notion of being put under the surveillance of "the force," and if all the operatives are of their way of thinking, they may still more strongly protest against the interference of the dragoons, the lancers, and the companies of foot. They may deem it as "unconstitutional" as the transference of the Indian troops to European waters; and others may repeat the like sentimental objection on the ground that the police are or ought to be sufficiently strong for the preservation of order. But, as a matter of fact, the police have come off second best in almost every single encounter which they have had with the mob during the past week. The reading of the Riot Act in Blackburn and elsewhere was a matter of pressing and absolute necessity, which is another way of saying that the calling out of the troops was equally so. To put the matter in a nutshell, the troops are our last police-reserve. But, though unavoidable, the interference should be conducted as discreetly as possible. We observe that one report speaks rather grandiloquently of "guns and bayonets." It is to be hoped that the "gun" will be used simply as a big substitute for a policeman's *bâton*. The disturbance is by no means over, and it is impossible to tell how long it will be before the masters and operatives come to terms; but we feel confident that, with tact and fimness, the military need not resort to a serious exercise of force. Every Londoner knows how a few mounted guardsmen, simply by quietly riding up and down each his respective beat, can control the biggest and the roughest of metropolitan crowds. Blackburn ought to set an early example of decorum; for the mounted force there is now very considerable, and a correspondent writes that "the charge of a single horseman is sufficient to clear a street."

BISHOPS IN PARTIBUS.

The debate of Tuesday evening in the House of Lords has at least this merit—it pleasantly reminds us of that famous second book, in which we read "of Pantagruel, King of the Dipsodes, with his heroic acts and prowesses." We all know, or ought to know, how that after Pantagruel had studied very well at Orleans, he resolved to see the great University of Paris, and there found certain choice books, the which he diligently studied. Amongst these precious volumes was, it may be remembered, 'The Henbane of the Bishops,' and further that famous treatise "Bondarini Episcopi de emulgentiarum profectibus Enneades novem, cum privilegio Papali ad triennium, et postea non." A learned gloss on the original text tells us that "the said 'emulgentiarum,' which signifies the action of milking such creatures as give milk, is here put for "indulgentiarum," which among the Bishops is another way of milking their flock. These indulgences, it is true, are absolutely insignificant as Rabelais owns, but yet the profits of them are so very considerable that he makes a volume thereof, consisting of four score and one books, *i.e.*, nine *enneades*." Now, an indulgence is a thing for which a man may reasonably be willing to pay a certain sum. If he firmly believes, as a devout catholic does believe, that for eating meat on Good Friday, or marrying during Lent, or breaking some other ordinance of the Church, he is in substantial danger of eternal damnation, it is only natural that he should buy himself off by an indulgence at the reasonable price of a few shillings. But, as the Bishops of the Established Church have not the power of granting indulgences, and, as in fact their functions are limited to ordaining, confirming, and delivering themselves of occasional charges to their clergy, it is somewhat difficult to see why we want more bishops—difficult in fact to convince ourselves that we have not got already more bishops than there is genuine episcopal work to be done. There are two points of view from which a bishop may be regarded. Ecclesiastically, he is the conduit pipe of the apostolic succession. He represents those who consecrated him, who in their turn represent those by whom they themselves were consecrated, and so on until we reach St. Peter himself; and from this point of view a bishop is a positive necessity for the due preservation of the apostolic succession. For this purpose, however, more bishops are certainly not needed. We have two archbishops and twenty-six bishops, and there are in England some 12,000 parishes, with about 200 extra-parochial places. At an outside calculation, allowing two clergymen for each parish, there are in England from 20,000 to 24,000 clergymen; and if we assume the average duration of life after consecration to be twenty years—an outside assumption again, as clergymen are notoriously long-lived—there ought to be about 1,000 ordinations each year. This work the two archbishops ought easily be able to get through between them.

As for confirmation, we are aware of no sound doctrinal reason why it should not be administered by deans, or archdeacons, or rural deans, or even by the minister of the parish himself. It is not a rite necessary to salvation; and without any irreverence we may perhaps say that the chief reason of its existence is that it gives the bishops something to do. A young boy or girl may be the better for being confirmed, and probably is, but is certainly none the worse for remaining unconfirmed. Indeed, when we are seriously told that we must have more bishops because the existing episcopal bench is unequal to the manual labour of confirmation, we are sorely tempted to ask whether it would not be as well to dispense with confirmation altogether. As for the third branch of the episcopal duty, the delivery of episcopal charges, the less that is said of it the better. An episcopal, or even an archiepiscopal charge is always weak and occasionally intolerant. No one ever pays any regard to it, and, upon the whole, it creates rather less effect for good, bad, or indifferent than a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* or a theological essay in the *Contemporary Review*. Clearly, from the ecclesiastical point of view, we have as many bishops as we want, if not, indeed, too many.

The case against the creation of additional bishops is equally strong if we take a worldly view of the question, and like Captain Cuttle, regard a bishop as "an out'ard and visible sign of an in'ard and spirited grasp." A bishop is more than a confirmer, a deliverer of charges, and a transmittor of the apostolic succession. He is also a representative and embodiment of the Established Church, its dignity, its rights, and its prerogatives. If any man doubts this, let him look at the Archbishop of York. But from this point of view, it is, as we have before now humbly endeavoured to point out, perilous to make the office of bishop too cheap. There are persons who, from an uneasy notion that the Church is somehow in danger, think that by creating additional bishops, it can be somehow bolstered up. We might as well imagine that we should add to the effective strength of our army by creating a dozen men field marshals, or increase our squadrons by converting fifty retired commanders into Admirals of the Fleet. Dignities are things which can easily be made too common, and at present, as has been pointed out, there are so many bishops and so many classes of bishops, that the broad-brimmed hat and gaiters have ceased to be a solid and substantial distinction. First there are the Bishops of Canterbury, York, London, Durham, and Winchester who sit in the House of Lords by right. Then come the Bishops who are at present sitting by rotation. Then three new Bishops who are waiting for a seat. Then there are the colonial Bishops, and the suffragan Bishops; and lastly, there is that most anomalous dignitary the Bishop of Sodor and Man. It is now proposed to create a seventh class of bishops,—bishops without a cathedral, without a dean and chapter, and with but a scanty endowment. Those who respect the temporal interests of the church must deprecate such a step. A bishop without a large income, a cathedral, and a dean and chapter, is little better than "a town without bells, a blind man without a staff, an ass without a saddle, and a cow without a clapper."

The bill has passed its second reading. It remains, however, to be seen whether it will yet find its way into the Statute Book. Its supporters on Wednesday evening were neither numerous nor influential. The Bishop of Lincoln is of opinion that the measure is "an absolute necessity," and that if it had been passed three years ago Bishop Selwyn would not have been killed with overwork. We are not at all sure that Bishop Selwyn was killed with overwork. He was of a ripe age when he died, and had he not resigned the Bishopric of New Zealand for the Diocese of Lichfield, he might, perhaps, have been spared us for some years to come. Lord Denman considers the bill "a step in the right direction," and Lord Beauchamp thinks that the appointment of bishops "gives a popular character to the Church." After this there is really nothing more to be said. If the bill is passed it will be a measure for the more effectual degradation of the Church by making common the Episcopal office. In an ingenious essay written some years ago on the "Plurality of Worlds," there is a story of an eminent physical philosopher who had been endeavouring one day to convince the circle of his listeners that the earth was the only habitable world in the universe. To a lady who was present, and inquired "What, then, would be the intention of creating so many great bodies, all apparently so useless to us?" he replied without hesitation that he did not know, except, perhaps, to make dirt cheap. As far as we can judge the only effort of Lord Beauchamp's bill will be to make bishops cheap. Whether this is or is not a desirable consummation is a matter upon which, for the present, we have no wish to express an opinion.

PRESIDENT JEWETT AND SIR EDWARD WATKIN.

For the sake of the much-enduring share and bondholders of the Erie Railway Company, we trust there is substantial truth in the report now current, that the connection between that ill used and plundered property and the late receiver, Mr. H. J. Jewett, is about to terminate. When the road, subsequently to the death of Fisk, was rescued from the clutches of the surviving conspirator, Jay Gould, honest management was naturally regarded by all interested in the concern as the one thing needful for restoring it to credit and prosperity. The accession to the presidential chair of Mr. P. H. Watson, fresh from his employment of hunting out abuses in the War Department of the United States Government, was hailed by bond and shareholders as the commencement of a new era in the history of the line. Under his vigorous administration malpractices were to be rooted up, fraudulent contracts cancelled, and a careful and strict supervision over every department initiated. Who could doubt that the inauguration of an improved management in the affairs of a great trunk line which was second to none in the United States for the productiveness of its traffic resources would usher in a happy period of surplus profits, honestly earned dividends, and general prosperity? But, unfortunately, honest Mr. Watson was also sanguine and speculative Mr. Watson, and the most notable results of his two years' administration proved to be an increase of 30,000,000 dollars in the bonded debt, contracts still more onerous and unprofitable than those he had wiped out, and a deficit in the accounts of 2,331,392 dollars for dividends paid out of capital. In the eyes of the bewildered shareholders, honest and incapable Peter Watson seemed scarcely an improvement on clever and dishonest Jay Gould. But was it not possible in all America to obtain the services of a President who would combine in his person the good qualities of both of these representative railway men without the bad qualities of either? Not only was such a thing possible, but it was actually done. The Hon. H. J. Jewett appeared upon the scene as the saviour of Erie, and in his honour and ability, as Sir Edward Watkin so frequently and so strongly insisted the harassed shareholders might safely place the most perfect reliance. When Sir Edward's confidence in the capacity and honesty of Mr. Jewett was "unshaken and unshakable," it could not be a matter for surprise if ordinary mortals surrendered themselves without reserve to the same comfortable delusion.

For the possession of so great a treasure the Erie bond and shareholders paid a great price. Who suggested an arrangement so much to the personal advantage of Mr. Jewett as that which accompanied his accession to the presidency does not appear, but that it was one in the highest degree discreditable to all concerned few will deny. Viewed in the light of subsequent events, the conclusion seems unavoidable that an arrangement of so unprecedented a character was virtually a bribe offered and received. Sir Edward Watkin himself unconsciously supports this view. In one of the numerous laudations bestowed upon his hero, he claims admiration for the man who was steering an independent course in the management of Erie in spite of the opposition of those who had expected him to act as their friend and defender. From this it would appear that the acceptance of a bribe is allowable, and even honourable, provided the acceptor, after buttoning up his pockets, turns his back on the briber, and repudiates the implied conditions of the

understood bargain. Mr. Jewett may have a conscience of the supple, elastic, American type, and his conscientious feelings may have been soothed and flattered by the repudiation of a connection which threatened to degrade him to the position of a tool; but, so long as he retains possession of the £35,000 illegally abstracted for his benefit from the Erie treasury, any such claim as that advanced by his English friend and admirers can only be regarded with contempt. Even, however, if the engagement in question was nothing more than a bargain between a greedy extortioner on the one side and a few easy-minded simpletons on the other, what value has been given by Mr. Jewett for the money received? Great things were promised by and expected from him. His preliminary survey of the road afforded him an opportunity of expressing his confidence in the soundness of the property, nor did he hesitate to profess his ability to improve the traffic returns, reduce the working expenses, and prepare the way for a speedy resumption of dividend payments. The result, however, was very different. His brief administration as President was even more disastrous to the interests of share and bondholders than that of his predecessor, for in a few short months the line which he undertook to restore to prosperity and credit was thrown into the gulf of bankruptcy. Mr. Jewett's transition from the office of President to that of Receiver was effected with a celerity and adroitness more appropriate to the transformation scene in a pantomime than to the disposal of a property amounting to above 146,000,000 dollars. Again the solid advantages incidental to the change fell to the lot of Sir Edward Watkin's hero. His salary as President was assured by the best of all securities—payment in advance; and now his fees as Receiver still further added to his already exorbitant emoluments. From first to last Mr. Jewett's connection with Erie has been a source of profit to himself and of loss to the road, which, indeed, for the last four years, seems only to have existed for the purpose of enriching Sir Edward Watkin's "highminded" and "conscientious" friend.

Few men of Mr. Jewett's very ordinary abilities have been made the subjects of such extreme and contradictory opinions as those which, since his accession to the presidency of the road, have alternately bespattered and whitewashed his character. So numerous have been the applications of the brush by both enemies and friends, and so thick the material used, that the individual Jewett has wellnigh lost all identity beneath the super-imposed and ever-thickening crust. By the one side in the Erie controversy he is described as deep, designing, and unscrupulous, intent on his own pecuniary aggrandisement, caring for the interests of Erie only as a means to this end, deliberately conceiving and carrying into execution, by fraud and perjury, nefarious schemes for diverting the surplus earnings of the line to his own personal purposes; a man, in short, whose proper place is not the palatial Erie board room but a solitary cell in Sing Sing. The contrast between black and white is not more striking than that presented in the portraiture held up to public view by those on the other side. In their estimation, Mr. Jewett is not only a man of conspicuous ability but honest, honourable, highminded, tenderly conscientious, and habitually actuated by the feelings and aims of a true Christian; a man, in short, who, so far as nature and devoutness are necessary qualifications, might be translated with the utmost propriety from the presidential chair to a place on the episcopal bench. How to reconcile opinions so divergent has long been a puzzle to wondering shareholders. The truth lies, of course, somewhere between the two extremes, and apparently more on the shady than on the bright side. We have already remarked on the compromising incident which marked the very commencement of Mr. Jewett's connection with Erie, and others might easily enough be pointed out. In the meantime we must confine ourselves to an expression of extreme surprise that Sir Edward Watkin should have ventured out of his way to endorse Mr. Jewett's transactions with so much emphasis. No one will for a moment suppose that Sir Edward himself possesses the innocence of the dove untempered by the wisdom of the serpent. His experience of men and things has been too extensive and varied to admit the idea of deception so far as he is concerned. In the new world and in the old he has left a well-remembered mark on many enterprises, commercial, industrial, and even political. From Hudson's Bay in the far north to Hudson river in the congenial neighbourhood of New York, and from the mud flats of the Humber and the slippery sands of Grimsby to the brighter and more wholesome shores of Kent, he has derived an experience which must have made him proof against the wiles of even Yankee cunning. Yet the strongest men have their weak points, and the most carefully accoutred their undefended chinks. Sir Edward forms no exception in this respect to the common run of humanity, and to this circumstance may doubtless be ascribed the phenomenon which has occasioned such general wonder—a Watkin apologising for a Jewett.

COMPANIONS.

In spite of high authority highly confirmed, it must be admitted that there are some persons who, not being "either a beast or a god," yet delight much in solitude. There are persons to whom solitude is not merely the absence of interruption—an aspect in which all who have mental work to do must needs find convenience in it if not delight—but in itself an enjoyment: it is to them a luxury not to be measured by its use, but with its own completion in it, like the scent of flowers. Such an appreciation of solitude need not involve a dislike to society; it may be co-existent with even a strong taste for gregarious amusements. Each of the two contrasted forms of pleasure is such a repose from the other as leaves the mind fresh to return to the other as if to something new. Yet it must be owned that the balance is not unapt to get disturbed, and he who begins by indulging in solitude as but a various recreation may come to be so unwise a lover of it as to be unable to take a genuine pleasure in any other.

But liking solitude is quite a different thing from liking to be companionless. Indeed, it is probable that the charm of solitude is so much in the comradeship with things without speech that only those who are alive to this comradeship come under its influence. If you are of so sociable a nature that a green thing growing in a pot is a presence to you, a creature with a personality, your solitude alone with it is less than that of a lover of intercourse with his kind at a crowded evening party where music flows on and talking is forbidden. There is, however, another comradeship which, though less distinctly, scarcely less really makes solitude sociable, and that is the existence of companions somewhere or other. One is not telling oneself, "There are such and such persons with whom an exchange of ideas is pleasant to me, and with whom I can presently—to-morrow—next year—in ten year's time—exchange ideas;" but, in the miscellaneous receptacle called mind, the consciousness of any fact personally affecting us is always within vision, even when not consciously looked at, and it must always be producing its effect upon us in much such a way as do material objects of which our sight is cognisant although we are giving them no heed. The knowledge that we have companions is company in itself, and that when the companions are not in any way being thought upon. We possess our friends as we miss them, not only while in reality or in thought we are with them or might have been, but while our perceptions are busy with matters in which they have no part, and memory is not advisedly aware of them at all. The solitude of an Alexander Selkirk, a Timon, a Prisoner of Chillon, is of a completeness unknown to that of the occasional solitudinarian, not merely because of its duration but because the occasional solitudinarian is not genuinely alone from his fellow men; there is a presence of them with him all the while he is by himself forgetting them.

There are people, however—among women most, but many among men—who look on the merely being by oneself for more than an odd ten minutes or so as a melancholy event taxing the powers of human resignation to the full. For them no society can be so uncongenial as not to be better than none; they would ask Ate herself to come and spend an evening with them rather than get through it alone, and would prefer the escort of the Old Man of the Sea to taking a walk unaccompanied. And, while for themselves they will undergo any affliction of companionship rather than the

affliction of solitude, their commisseration for anyone who has had to endure to be alone is as great as if he had suffered some serious deprivation. To have your working time made empty with chatter they will not dream of counting your misfortune; but for having no one near you to chatter they will mete you out lavish measure of their kindliest pity. They cannot understand that for any occupation the mind should need temporary isolation; still less that it should desire it as a form of rest. They will out of true charity offer the sick and the sorry, the weary, the busy, to "sit with them and keep them company." And they will herd in the public rooms of hotels with people they never saw before and have no desire ever to see again, and churn small-talk by the hour, and be content, for they are not alone. They have preferences, of course, and choose their society when they can, but the seeing any faces, the hearing any words, gives them satisfaction in its degree: and so much the better, for, if the people who cannot bear to be without company could never be appeased with less than real companionship, they would have had a hungry life of it.

Real companionship is rare—rarer than it need be if our manners did not impose a tone of sprightly banality and polite indifference on all conversation except among the most closely intimate, and even to a considerable extent among them. We may meet acquaintances time after time, till the frequency takes the name of friendship, and there may be a fairly pleasurable intercourse between us, and yet, unless some unwonted circumstance occurs to bring us into contact in a new way, outside the established courtesies, we may be quite unaware of the natural fellowship there exists between them and us. The sympathy we want goes past us looking for some one to sympathize with, and we have seen no indications of its possibility. It is wonderful how little we see of each other in society. Of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the acquaintances of whom we are perfectly able to say whether or no they are wise, witty, tolerant, obliging, and so on, for we have been with them often enough to have had opportunities for judging of all this, we yet cannot say in the least what really are their humours and their tastes, by what principles they live or wish to live, in what directions lie their ambitions, what are their genuine enjoyments. We know what they are in society, we may perhaps have means of knowing what they are in the serious concerns of life, we can pronounce that they are agreeable and that they are estimable, but whether they are companionable—what would be companionable to us, for the quality is strictly a relative one—is barely a matter of guesswork.

It is not because an individual has all the virtues you revere and all the mental gifts you admire that he or she must necessarily be companionable for you—not even taking it that you, on your side, possess all the corresponding qualities for impressing him or her. There is a something more wanted between you—the something like the yolk of egg in the cooking recipes, the *liaison*, as French cooks call it, which brings the other ingredients into harmonious cohesion. The something is not necessarily sympathy, in the sense of unity of feeling, for it may happen that a person from whose closest convictions we differ on a hundred points is truly a companion, and that another with whom our talk might be all "dittos" and "amens" could never be more to us than any other respectable unit going to make up the sum of society. It might be described as a concord of moods and inclinations: only, that would be rather a superfine way of saying that it means that people suit each other.

The surest mark of the real companion is not that conversation with him is congenial—though he would be no companion at all if it were not so—but that you can be silent together. So long as there is a sense that there must be talking for talking's sake, by way of a civil demonstration of interest in each other, true companionship has not been reached. When people talk to each other from the impulse of what they want to say and not because they ought, and when they are without any feeling as if silence kept them apart, their fellowship is sure. Of course, silence does not mean here muteness of the mind as well as of the tongue; otherwise, anybody with a highly cultivated habit of going to sleep would be a cheering companion. And, of course, it does not mean mere taciturnity, the habit of neglecting to speak, nor indifference. It is intelligent silence, the postscript and the prelude of unfettered conversations—sociable silence, in itself confidential—silence *together*—which is the peculiar property perty of companionship. You can talk, one way or another, with anybody; but you must have luck indeed if there are over half a dozen people in the world with whom you can be silent.

It is conceivable that there should be even this utmost completeness of companionship without a strength of regard which could properly be called affection; though most people's experience connects it with some affection of relationship or close intimacy. And it is certain that the most genuine affection cannot alone create that affinity which, for want of a better word, must be called companionability. The love we have for the brother or the sister who has become to us in creed or conduct as a heathen man and a publican, with whom we have no thought or inclination in common, may remain in us one of our strongest feelings and meanwhile someone who does not arouse in us more than a pleasurable goodwill and that sort of good-tempered gratitude we feel to those who make any part of our time acceptable to us is a companion indeed. Even, it is pretty generally believed that many a loving and irreproachable husband finds companionship in any mere male acquaintance who can talk newspapers and perchance literature or turnips or whatever his hobby may be to him, which—though the Women's Education women and the Women's Suffrage women foretell better things as imminent—is wanting to him in the wife who is, nevertheless, the most cherished thing in his heart. We must take life as we find it, and, if, as our strongest poet ironically suggests, there is not always liking with love, still less is there always the fellowship of congenially assorted minds. But life has its best for those whose luck is to find the liking with the love, the companionship with the intimacy.

THE ART OF MATCH-MAKING.

An afternoon's kettledrum is capital machinery for playing and assisting to land a good fish when he is once fairly hooked, and dinner parties, whether large and formal or of the family order, all tend in the same way. But, to a matron who has marriageable daughters in the matrimonial market, something larger than this scale of entertainment is necessary when she first begins to display her wares, unless she has already her eye upon one or more individuals, who are on sufficiently intimate terms at the outset with her other connections, to enable her at once to draw them into the closer rings of her family circle. Of the classes who give large balls and evening parties during a London season a considerable number of families saddle themselves with visitors only during that period of their existence in which their daughters are hanging upon their hands. When once the young ladies are comfortably settled the onus ceases; they can plead age, point to their grand-parentship, and leave the task of affording *réunions* for the young people of their acquaintance to those who are not so far advanced in years, or whose girls have not found so happy a market. There are, of course, some who enjoy the whirl of society, even when they themselves are in the fall of life; some because they are ambitious, and wish to climb higher in the social scale by lavish entertainments, some from sheer love of gaiety. But, as a rule, the expense of ball-giving is borne chiefly for the benefit of the younger female members of the family of the entertainer, and when these no longer need the advertisement which balls offer them, the thankful parents accept the *rudis*, and retire to a narrower circle of closer intimates. Life can be very pleasant when socially restricted to such friends as are upon "dinner party" terms, without extending the hand to some hundreds of comparative strangers, who show their faces but twice in the season, on an average, when the drawing room carpet is up, and whose pasteboard is afterwards found in the letter box, in nominal thankfulness for past favours and in hopes of keeping their existence in memory for future similar entertainments.

But when the matron first wakes to the reality that she is

no longer so young as she was, and that her children have learnt to dance and are ready to flirt, she finds it expedient, if her husband's means will admit of doing full justice to the requirements of the position, to extend for a few years her family circle, that the girls may have a larger choice before their eyes ere they commit themselves for life. It may be that there are good looking but impecunious cousins, who are fond of dangling after their young feminine relations. These may mean business; yet it is awkward to forbid one's sister's or brother's children one's own house. A family feud may be thus stirred up, to last till the grave, all because parents do not wish to have combustible material in the vicinity of their daughters until orange flowers and wedding cake shall have placed the latter in comparative safety. Some male cousins are sensible enough to admire without proposing upon Foreign Office or subaltern's pay; still they may be prone to enjoy the pleasures of flirtation, and what may be sport to their comparatively maturer years may be temporary death to unsophisticated damsels, who often lavish their affection unconsciously before it has been asked for. Plenty of counter-foils are the best safeguards against these ineligibles. Even if the foils are themselves ineligible they are some small good, on the principle that there is safety in numbers, and if within the throng of a ball room a fair amount of eligibles can be found, the prospects are still brighter. If the family of the young ladies are in a good position, though blessed with small means, they will still find themselves the objects of much hospitality, and ball invitations will stand in piles in the letter racks; pretty girls are always at a premium; a hostess plumes herself upon the good looks of her company, and unless some dangerous case of rivalry, inimical to her own interests, should be revealed, she will never grudge a dance invitation to an acquaintance, however casual, who can bring a good-looking girl to the gathering. But though a fair amount of dancing may be obtained, so to speak, gratis, for the girls, it is but natural that so long as they remain "on hand," their parents should wish to exercise reciprocity to the best of their means, and to give dances in their own turn. There is *amour propre* to be considered; no one likes to appear stingy and inhospitable when their means admit of entertainment. Secondly, the presence of the desired eligibles cannot be depended upon for certain at strange houses, but one's own drawing rooms can be filled at option and discretion. It is in keeping up the *rencontre* with a suitable subject for a match, where once there is a symptom of a "bite" that the real difficulty lies. The girls may go to plenty of dances, but there is no certainty that they shall meet the desired half-dozen, or even one or two of the batch from which it is wished they should make their choice, night after night at different houses. If the young ladies are heart-whole so far, what they care for most is good music and good partners who can move in time; they care little whether they meet fresh faces each night. Nor does mamma mind it at first; on the contrary, she is glad the field of choice is large. But, when once there has been a nibble or two, and the fish has shown his colours and they are approved of, then the too constant variety of partners tends to consign to oblivion in the girls' memories the one or two of whom it is desirable they should have some agreeable recollections. At this stage more than ever are house dances and parties necessary. Heaven helps those who help themselves. If the admirer has had so far only a ball room footing in the family of the object of his admiration, he will have little difficulty in getting into an inner social ring if his attentions are listened to and are approved of. If he only leaves his card, little more can be done; it seems that he does not mean business. If he makes a point of paying his calls in person, he can soon find himself met half way. He can strengthen his case with the girl by casually meeting her in the Row, at Hurlingham, or at Prince's, if his taste lie in that direction; can find excuses for calling at the hour of afternoon tea, and is pretty sure, eventually, to be asked to a dinner party. Here he is at once landed in an inner ring of the family, for the dining acquaintances must necessarily be more limited than the dancing circle. From the formal dinner party he may progress to the family dinner, at forty-eight hours' notice, instead of the ten to twenty days' warning of the formal banquet. Thence he may advance to "pot-luck on Sundays," and after that it is his fault, or the damsel's own taste, if mamma's match-making does not succeed.

There is a good deal of art in playing the game of match-making with propriety, and yet with success, combined. If the angling is carried on in too barefaced a manner, the mother makes herself the subject of comment, and the daughters suffer rather than gain by the notoriety of the parent's tactics. If young men are forced too pointedly upon the notice of the daughters, the natural modesty of the latter may give them a distaste for the very person, whom, if the cards had not been too openly played, they might have learnt in time to appreciate. No girl of good feeling likes to feel that a man is being deliberately thrown at her head; the consciousness of such tactics suffices at once to make his society unwelcome to her. *Ars est celare artem;* the matron best secures her object who never allows it to be too palpable. The eligible himself, unless very hard hit already, is likely in his turn to look with suspicion instead of admiration if he realizes that there is too much *arrière pensée* in the civilities which he receives. It is always melancholy to see some agreeable and perhaps nice-looking woman fading into old-maidhood, not because she has been crossed in hopeless love in early life, nor because she has had no charms which could touch the heart of an admirer, but simply because due chances have not fallen in her way of being appreciated in her younger days. We are not advocates of the theory that because woman's mission in life should, if possible, be wifehood, she should, therefore, be driven to the altar some day or other at all hazards, no matter how ill-suited the partner which she has been bullied or tempted to to accept. But, on the other hand, there is much room for tact and good management on the part of parents in fostering covertly a judicious subject of admiration, and indirectly and unsuspectedly leading the steps in a new direction when an improvident and ill-assorted attachment seems in danger of being formed. A wise mother will appear to follow while in reality she is guiding her daughter's steps in love matters. A lady of our acquaintance once lamented to us an ill-advised attachment on the part of her daughter, who had good expectations, and whose affections had been won by an adventurer. The mother had remonstrated against the folly of the engagement, and had flatly refused to allow the wedding to take place so long as the girl was under age. The young lady was obstinate by nature, and her tenacity was strengthened by open opposition. She avowed her intention of waiting patiently till she was of age, and then of giving her hand to her *fiancé*. A year's delay did not seem to have undermined her attachment, and in another six months she would be of age, and her own mistress. Under our advice the mother changed her cue, and appeared to make the best of a bad business. Since Captain —— meant to be son-in-law, she said she would do what she could to make things pleasant. She asked him to dinner, and appeared to have fully accepted the engagement. If by any chance the daughter danced a round dance with any but her *fiancé* the mother shook her head. If she danced twice with any other gentleman, the mother would say affectionately, "My dear, do you think Captain —— would like that? When I was engaged to your father, I never thought of dancing more than once in an evening with any one else!" She kept an eye on all in-coming and out-going letters, and would say, "My dear, you have not written to Captain —— for the last two days!. When *I* was engaged to your father *I* used to write to him every day of the week." Or, "Captain —— wrote to you yesterday, my dear, and I perceive that you have not yet answered him; men do not like to be treated with neglect." The girl got irritable under this incessant spurring into her engagement; the mother followed up her advantage by offering her admonition audibly in the presence of other female friends of the daughter. This put the *coup de grace* to the engagement; the gilt all came off the gingerbread when opposition was changed to incitement. Two months before she came of age she wrote to Captain ——, and told him that her feelings had changed towards him. The mother affected to be deeply scandalized; this settled the girl's determination, and the Captain never darkened the doors again.

THE LETTER "H": A HISTORICAL CONJECTURE.

The inquiring like the contented mind is a continual feast. It carries its banquet with it wherever it goes. But, though some problem or other, go where it will, is always offered to it, there is one set of problems which is always and everywhere suggested, except in solitude, namely, those afforded by the speech of others. Peculiarities of accent, curious grammatical constructions, the choice of words in different people, the cast of their sentences, the extension and intension, so to speak, of their style, from the vituperative volubility of an Irishwoman at Seven Dials to the laconic conciseness of the English labourer to whom the whole world is wrapped up in one highly coloured epithet, all furnish food for meditation.

Our Teuton ancestors, when they crossed the sea from Germany and settled in England, brought with them the same habit of aspiration which is common to the whole Teutonic stock; and, had they been suffered to live on unmolested in the lands which they had conquered from the Celts who went before them, the letter "H" would be this day as much respected on the banks of the Thames as it is at Washington and Leipzig. But fate willed otherwise. And if ever the truth of the maxim that evil communications corrupt good manners has received a solemn, indeed one may say a world-historical confirmation, it is in the process by which the slighting of the letter in question was introduced into this country. The Scandinavian Normans, allied to us in no small degree by blood and speech, had established themselves in Northern France, and it cannot be doubted that Rolf and all the early comers from Norway were as blameless in the matter of the aspirate as are all the readers of this paper. But their numbers were comparatively few; the material civilization which they found in France was ahead of what they had left at home; and gradually, as was only natural, they put off the old Norman man, and adopted the customs and the language of France. And in this language the letter "H" is wanting. When the Saxon and the Norman armies stood face to face on the battlefield of Senlac, the Norman knight found it easier to spear his Saxon antagonist than to pronounce correctly the name of the Saxon king. And thus by the victory of William the Conqueror a ruling class was established in England which, whatever virtues and graces it may have possessed, was innocent of the aspirate. So long as Norman-French continued to be the language of the Court and the upper classes this was of little consequence. But when the fusion of the two peoples began, and, as its basis and guarantee, the new English language was developed, the incapacity of the feudal lords to sound a letter which the popular ear felt to be indispensable must have been keenly recognised. It cannot be doubted that Brian de Bois-Guilbert said "'orse" and "'ouse" when he spoke to Rebecca of York, and it is likely that the repugnance which she showed to his love was as much due to this failing of his as to the faithlessness and barbarity which disfigured his character. Thus, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was the Norman nobility who were unable to utter the aspirate, and the mass of the people whose ears they offended thereby.

As time went on, and as the fusion of classes became more and more complete, it was natural that, by the working of laws which hold good everywhere, many of the upper classes sank to the general level of the people, and many of the people made themselves a name and founded a family; and in the fifteenth century two memorable changes were accomplished. In the first place, England lost her possessions in France, the close connection between the two countries was severed, and the steady stream of "H"-less foreigners into our island was thus cut off. In the second place, the Wars of the Roses were fatal to a great part of the nobility, and were directly or indirectly the cause why the vacant places were taken by new men who rose from the people. This accelerated that shifting process which is always going on in every country that is not under the spell of a social or religious caste-doctrine. There has been for centuries a twofold current, upwards and downwards, between the people and the aristocracy, like that between the oxygen and carbonic acid in a dwelling house. But the remarkable fact, which it is now our task to explain, is that the people converted the upper classes to the use of the "H," while the upper classes infected the people with that grieving of the spirit which is involved in a contempt for this symbol.

And here the laws of philology and psychology come in to help us. In the first place, we all know what the contagious influence of a bad example is, even upon those who make an effort to resist it. The imitative instinct in man is largely unconscious, and is only partly under the control of the will. Some of us may have been shut up by bad weather in a country inn with people who despise, as is paradoxically said, "*their* Hs." And those who all their life long have never sinned in this way will find, after a day or two of such association, that in certain words, such as "adhere" or "Alhambra," they do not indeed miss the "H," but the letter somehow becomes muffled; a kind of creeping paralysis seems to lay hold upon it; it ceases to be brought out with the full force and distinctness which are its due; and one flees as if the avenger of blood were behind. And the law of imitation is here backed up by a well-known philological law, which lies at the root of the growth and decay of language, the law, of which we are mostly unconscious while we illustrate it, according to which we spare ourselves effort in our speech up to the point where the saving of effort is more than counterbalanced by a loss of clearness. Now, it is undoubtedly an effort to sound the "H;" and there are whole nations which find the exertion more than it is worth, and therefore decline to undergo it. Thus the Norman example, helped on by the disinclination natural in all men to take trouble, prevailed in many cases over the long-established Germanic practice, and in some instances, as in the word "honour" and the like, prevails to this day in the speech of all instructed persons. The case quoted is, however, rather a survival of French usage than an invasion upon the Saxon.

It remains to be considered why this process, having gone so far, did not become general,; why only part of the Saxons caught the trick, and why the remaining Normans in the upper classes were led to adopt the Germanic "H." A variety of causes seem to have worked together for this result. The force of example, to begin, tells both ways, and must have told very powerfully when the Norman population, small in number compared with the Saxon mass they ruled ove , became freely mixed and distributed among it. In the next place, among those Normans who were of genuine Scandinavian descent, there would probably be a physical predisposition to recur to old usage, a predisposition which the stay of a century or two in France cannot have obliterated. Their return to the use of the letter, when they found the majority of those around them using it, would be at least as natural as the reappearance of ancestral habits in descendants who have never seen the ancestors whose ways and tricks they reproduce. Further, the learned class—that is to say, the clergy, whose influence on national speech has always been considerable—were drawn in England, as in all Catholic countries, largely from the people; and that respect for language and conservatism in language which are among the first results of scholarship cannot but have told upon them. And, finally, the impoverishment of language which comes from dropping a letter, the confusion and ambiguity which the habit is apt to produce, the ludicrous effects which it sometimes has, and its contradiction to the genius of our own and to the analogy of allied languages, would be felt by all who had an instinct for pure and correct speech, and especially felt by those whose position required pure and correct speech as a matter essential to personal dignity.

But these hints, to which it would be premature to assign the place of a scientifically proved theory, are not intended to weaken that respect for long descent and for all its outward symbols which is one of the most pleasing features in the English character. A physiological radicalism may assert that the farther we go back on the ancestral line the nearer we approach to our common forefather, the short-tailed monkey. Social enthusiasts may descant on the disastrous results of feudalism, with its exaggerated sense of claims and lax feeling for duties. But these few remarks are made only to serve the cause of pure reason.

LITERATURE.

GEORGE COMBE.

The Life of George Combe, Author of 'The Constitution of Man.' By Charles Gibbon. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co.

It has been known for some time that Mr. Gibbon was engaged on a biography of George Combe, the phrenologist, and those who take an interest in the biographical art have been curious to see what the author of 'Robin Gray,' 'For Lack of Gold,' and other popular novels would make of a subject so much out of the track of his previous work. We cannot say that the result is altogether satisfactory. We would much rather have had another novel from Mr. Gibbon than this biography. The materials have proved too stubborn and unyielding to allow him any scope for the exercise of that graceful art and sympathetic insight into the ways of men and maidens which he has shown as a novelist. George Combe's life contained no episodes on which he could bring to bear his practised powers; its interest lay almost solely in its connexion with a certain budget of opinions. There are, of course, many interesting lives of whom this may be said. An earnest man fighting against prejudice, enduring poverty, unpopularity, calumny for the sake of his convictions, is always a noble spectacle, and the record of his struggles cannot but have a certain fascination, whether he sinks beneath them or emerges from the battle in triumph. But in order that we may sympathise with the narrative, it is necessary either that we should believe to a large extent in the opinions for which the combatant put forth his strength, or that the incidents of the struggle, the varying fortunes of the man, his discouragements and successes, anxieties and hopes, should be described in such a way as to enlist our sympathies in spite of indifference or even prejudice. Now, it is difficult in this generation to look upon phrenology as a great cause. Combe was neither sufficiently right nor sufficiently wrong to excite much interest. He was great neither in his errors nor in his perception of the truth. His influence was in its general tendency for good, and did much to direct public attention to the relations between mind and body, and the dependence of mental upon physical conditions; but the system of doctrines for which he contended with such perseverance was destitute alike of practical and of scientific value. In the case of a system which contained so large an admixture of error, and which discredited the name of science by the presumptuous alacrity of its conclusions, we do not find it easy to follow the details of the lectures and essays by which it was propagated. We cannot share the joy of its founder over each new recruit. Nor, indeed, has Mr. Gibbon exerted himself to give us an adumbration of an interest which does not lie naturally in the subject. He shows how Combe was misunderstood and misrepresented, and how much more moderate and sensible he was in his views than some intemperate adherents who professed to speak in his name, but he does not write with the zeal of a disciple; there is no contagious enthusiasm in his narrative to catch the feelings of the reader. Combe, in fact, was not gifted by nature with the power of arousing enthusiasm. He was a quiet, deliberate, gentle, affectionate, dispassionate, obstinate Scotch lawyer, earnest in his convictions, sincere in his desire for the public good, endowed with a considerable development of his own No. 10, and indomitably persistent in his determinations. He suffered a little for the novelty of his opinions; much of the ridicule to which he was exposed was unfair; he was excluded, or excluded himself, from the literary society of Edinburgh; but he was prosperous in business, happy in his domestic relations, and he found ample amends for the vituperation of enemies in the esteem of those who shared his views. It is impossible to read Mr. Gibbon's two volumes without conceiving a great respect for the kindly disposition, tenacious will, and shrewd intellect of the man; but the record of his achievements, his lectures, his letters, his "developments," his remarks on national character, is, it must be confessed, monotonous, in spite of Mr. Gibbon's agreeable style. It is to be regretted that Mr. Gibbon should have taken such pains as he evidently has done over work which might have been done equally well by a writer of much inferior powers.

Judging from the fragment of autobiography which occupies the first four chapters of the first volume, we should say that the only competent person to have written George Combe's life would have been George Combe himself. He had precisely that sort of self-examining nature which makes an interesting autobiographer. He had so much "secretiveness," to use his own phraseology, he communicated so little with other human beings except through the medium of their "bumps," that he seems never to have lost the sense of wonder at the strangeness of his own organisation. "Strange, strange being that I am," he wrote in his diary in 1811 when he was thirty-three years of age; and twenty years later he was able to record that he was "sometimes amused at his own condition of mind." "During the greater part of each day I act and think in my professional character, like a man not only of the present age, but of the Kingdom of Scotland, as it exists at this moment, and those who have daily intercourse with me do not discover that any conceptions beyond those occupy my attention." A man given to contemplating himself in this mood is admirably qualified for autobiographic confessions, and is capable of throwing a halo of interest over the most common-place events in his own life. It is a pity that Combe did not complete his autobiography. The events that he records of his childhood and youth derive a quaint interest from the manner in which he connects them with his phrenological development. He accounts for the earliest incidents which he can recollect by showing how they affected his predominant faculties. He remembers being offered small coins to call himself by ludicrous names, and resenting the laughter caused thereby so much that he would on no account be persuaded to repeat the process, and explains the fact by the size of his organs of Self-esteem and Love of Approbation. He remembers seeing a red-hot iron put into the mouth of a horse, because his Benevolence was shocked by the operation. Remarking on the fact that in his boyhood he was an involuntary spectator of an execution by hanging, and that a strange conflict of feeling arose in him, he says that "certainly the spectacle of a man being put to death interested the base of my brain." Recording his delight in the use of firearms, and telling how he procured a piece of the barrel of a common musket, converted it into a small cannon, mounted it on the top of an old cask, and fired with ball at a lump of wood till he had knocked it to shreds, he adds, "Great was the glorification of my Self-esteem and Destructiveness." His crowning glory was the actual firing with his own hand of one of the great guns of the half-moon battery at Edinburgh Castle. "There was to to me," he says, "a grandeur in this exploit—for I was not then more than twelve years of age—which roused Ideality; whilst the display of power embodied in the explosion gratified equally that faculty and Self-esteem." The use of this terminology gives a unique character to the autobiography which we miss when we come to Mr. Gibbon's plain narrative, except in the extracts given from the phrenologist's diary.

The earnestness of the reformer is hardly less conspicuous in the fragment of autobigraphy than the quaint jargon of the phrenological enthusiast. He attaches, perhaps, an exaggerated importance to the influence of external conditions, as when he wonders whether the fact that he was born in the centenary of the glorious Revolution and that his mother heard and read much in that year about "themes of liberty," "had any effect in modifying the cerebral organism of her babe;" and when he attributes the weakness of his constitution to the unhealthiness of the surroundings of his birthplace. But, his remarks about the importance of well-ventilated dwellings, and about the blunders made in the education of the young, illustrated from his own experience, must be admitted to be valuable, even if we do not admit that that experience is a full explanation of the active part he subsequently took in urging reforms in such matters. This tendency to attribute a permanent bent in his life to some one striking external influence partakes too much of that fanciful rashness of conclusion which vitiated his phrenological system. We can hardly suppose that a "natural Tory child," as he calls himself, would have been converted into a demagogue and a reformer by hearing of a man within his own neighbourhood who had

been seized by a press-gang. We seem to find evidence that he was not what we should call a natural Tory child in the following fact which he records concerning his school-days:—"In reading 'Cæsar's Commentaries' and the histories of Livy and Tacitus, I never sympathized with the conquerors. The other boys generally identified themselves with the *nostri*, *i.e.*, the Roman soldiers. I constantly asked what right they had to invade and conquer Gaul and England, and my *nostri* were the people of these lands fighting for their freedom."

The circumstances of Combe's conversion to a belief in phrenology are highly honourable to his love of truth. When Spurzheim came on a lecturing tour to Edinburgh in 1815, he had served his apprenticeship as a Writer to the Signet, as solicitors are called in Edinburgh, and joined other smart companions in ridiculing the new doctrines. He refused at first to go to hear Spurzheim lecture, but being introduced to him by accident, he heard enough to arouse his spirit of inquiry. He did not, however, at once accept the views of the preacher, but with characteristic caution applied himself to the study of the subject, procured a hamperful of casts of skulls, and verified as well as he could the functions of the various brain localities or "bumps" by careful observation of the heads and mental and moral qualities of his acquaintances. The phrenological scheme of the faculties is so minute and confused, it is always so easy to account for any mental manifestation by the predominance of one bump if it cannot be accounted for by another, that there could be but one issue to a serious and favourably disposed inquirer not gifted with any special powers of logical analysis. At the end of three years of study, Combe came forward openly in the press and on the platform as an advocate of phrenology, boldly risking the consequences to his professional reputation. As it happened, he did not suffer professionally; people only looked upon him as an amiable enthusiast, and were rather grateful to him for furnishing them with such an easy subject for ridicule. Combe, however, was much too tenacious a man to be put down by ridicule. He stuck manfully to his opinions, started a journal in which he retorted calmly on his critics, challenged the Professors of the University to public disputation, and soon came to be looked upon through the quiet unostentatious force of his advocacy as the head of the movement. It is almost a pity that Mr. Gibbon does not give us a few more specimens of the personalities which passed between Combe and his numerous assailants in the Scotch metropolis. The wags of *Blackwood's Magazine* were particularly uproarious in their mirth over the new craniology, exhibiting much droll ingenuity in their devices for entrapping its principal exponent; but so grave and cautious was he that they seldom obtained any advantage over him, and were driven to irritating him by humorous misrepresentations. It was a very fair battle, in which Combe displayed no small power of holding his own, and the noise of it soon spread far beyond Edinburgh. Combe received many flattering testimonies of interest in his theories and observations from distinguished people who were anxious to know whether there was any truth in this new gospel. He had a long correspondence with Archbishop Whately, and read that prelate's character from his "development" with an accuracy which astonished him. He made such an impression on Baron Stockmar and the Prince Consort that he was consulted about the education of the Royal Family. To these triumphs there was a considerable set-off in the virulence with which he was abused by orthodox persons who thought that his doctrines tended dangerously to materialism. Although a man of strict piety and exemplary morality, he was denounced as a monster whose name was fit only to be coupled with that of Tom Paine. Still, he was not shaken in his faith, and when, in 1837, he had amassed a competence, he retired from business, and devoted the rest of his life to the advancement of phrenology, and the conclusions which he deduced from it in matters of education and social well-being. He visited America, and lectured to attentive audiences. It was characteristic of his indefatigable zeal and energy that he learnt German at an advanced age in order to give an impulse to the study of his favourite subject by lecturing to the Germans in their own tongue. Altogether, George Combe was a very remarkable man, and had no small influence on current thought, although his character and the incidents of his life were not of a kind that lend themselves readily to the skill of the biographer. If Mr. Gibbon wishes to acquire as eminent a position in biography as he has established for himself in fiction, he must choose a more interesting subject.

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

History of the Life and Reign of Richard the Third. By James Gairdner. London: Longmans.

The character of Richard III. has been so powerfully drawn by Shakespeare that it has impressed itself deeply on popular imagination. It was natural for a reflective age to doubt whether a portrait in such vivid colours could be really accepted as a likeness, and Walpole's 'Historic Doubts' first raised the question that Richard III. had had scant justice done him. Historical scepticism is pleasant to indulge, and Mr. Gairdner confesses that at one period of his life he "wasted a great deal of time, ink and paper in fruitless efforts to satisfy even his own mind that traditional black was real historical white, or at worst a kind of grey." Hence his testimony is the more valuable to the substantial truth of the character which Shakespeare, following Sir Thomas More, has assigned to Richard III. Mr. Gairdner's knowledge of the time is larger than that of any other living historian; he has made the period of the Yorkite and Lancastrian struggle his own by a series of researches and editions of the main historical authorities. We may consider his verdict as likely to prove decisive for some time to come.

It is, indeed, to be regretted that so much ingenuity has been wasted in writings of our own day to upset the traditional judgment on celebrated historical characters. Greater research must be expected constantly to supply details and explain points of policy which escaped the eyes of contemporaries. But the historical character of any one must be the impression which he produced on those around him and left behind at his departure. The bar of history is not that of a police-court, and exact legal evidence is not required to establish every charge. It is easy to show that for traditional judgments there is often not sufficient evidence to be produced; but upon those who have wrought great things in the world it is impossible to suspend judgment altogether. They must be estimated according to the impression which they produced in their own times. Private persons may remain as interesting psychological problems, but historical characters must be judged by the results they left behind. What men believed they did or wanted to do represents the influence which they exercised on the course of the world's history. The question what men ought to have thought about them may be interesting, and may afford scope for ingenuity, but is of no historical importance. They moved amid moral and social surroundings which we cannot hope to bring accurately before ourselves; their character must depend upon the response which was made by those to whom they directly appealed. After ages may be able to judge more clearly of their achievements through fuller knowledge of the results of their policy; but a man's character as apart from his achievements is the impression which his life left on those who stood nearest to it.

We are therefore glad to find that Mr. Gairdner's researches do not upset the traditional view of the character and policy of Richard III. A careful study of his life shows, as we should expect, that the steps in his downward career were gradual. The probability is that he was merely an accessory, perhaps only a willing witness of the murder of Prince Edward after the battle of Tewkesbury. Though he took no steps to prevent the execution of his brother Clarence, yet Mr. Gairdner points out that he seems to have felt some remorse, as he founded colleges at Barnard Castle and Middleham, where masses were to be said for the souls of his father Richard, Duke of York, and of his brothers and sisters. Clarence is not mentioned, but is clearly included. When Edward IV. died and his young son became king, Mr. Gairdner holds that the first steps towards disturbance were not taken by Gloucester, but by the Woodville party, who aimed at keeping the Government in their own hands by force till the

King's coronation enabled them to proceed under a constitutional guise. Though they were only to proceed to London with 2,000 followers, they bronght with them a large supply of arms for more, and the Marquis of Dorset used his office of Constable of the Tower to obtain thence supplies of arms and money. Gloucester's first step in taking possession of the young king at Stony Stratford may be justified on the grounds of political necessity. His plea that there was a plot on the part of the Rivers' faction to seize the Government and oppress the old nobility was not without reasonable foundation. Moreover, Gloucester's next step, the assertion of a plot against himself and the consequent execution of Hastings, may also have had some real grounds, though probably he allowed the opposition to himself to grow up by an assumption of unconsciousness, and used very slight evidence to justify violent measures of repression.

After this time, however, little can be urged in favour of his conduct. He did not scruple to allow his mother's honour to be impugned so as to cast a doubt on the legitimacy of his mother's children. The story of a pre-contract between Edward IV. and Lady Eleanor Butler before his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville is judged by Mr. Gairdner to rest on some evidence, and he does not feel justified in dismissing it as entirely a fiction. When Gloucester had a strong party behind him and had disturbed men's minds by rumours, it was not hard to prevail on the citizens of London to go through the form of asking him to take the Crown. Yet something is to be said in favour of Richard's assertion, and Mr. Gairdner says it well. "In point of form, one might almost look upon it as a constitutional election, if election could be considered a constitutional principle in those days. Indeed, it was rather a declaration of inherent right to the Crown, first by the Council of the realm, then by the City, and afterwards by Parliament, proceedings much more regular and punctilious than had been observed in the case of Edward IV."

The accession of Richard III. at once produced a reaction against him. It is, at first sight, inexplicable that Buckingham, who aided him in all his plans, and who had been mainly instrumental in setting the crown upon his head, should have rebelled against him before he had been six months on the throne. But the inner contradiction of Richard's position soon showed itself. Many who had blindly followed him as the leader of opposition to the Woodvilles shrunk before the steps by which Richard had crushed the Woodvilles to exalt himself. Buckingham saw when it was too late that his desire to destroy the power of the Woodvilles had turned him into the tool of one who was stronger than himself. He had gone on step by step, and probably the moral recoil was brought about by his early knowledge of the murder of the young princes in the Tower. Moreover, Buckingham escaped from the influence of one powerful mind only to fall under the thraldom of another, Morton, Bishop of Ely, who had been given into his charge as prisoner. Morton was an acute diplomatist, and played on Buckingham's discontent until he induced him to open communications with the Countess of Richmond and contrive a rising in favour of Henry of Richmond.

Buckingham's rising was easily put down, but Richard had constant difficulties to face. Though of a determined nature, he suffered from remorse at the crimes by which he had won his way to power. He could only maintain himself by quieting anarchy, introducing order, and reforming morals; but he was too deeply involved himself in the previous disturbances to be able to act the part of a moderator. It is curious to notice how clearly he felt what ought to be done. In his proclamation against Buckingham and his followers he denounced, in language that seemed strange as coming from him, their profligacy and immorality. He was prepared to stop the exactions and oppressions of his brother's reign, and consented to the abolition of the hateful means of raising money by benevolences. But it was clear that no one could trust a ruler who had won his way to the throne by so many crimes, and the various factions that he had crushed still counted a formidable number of adherents who were ready to combine against him. It is true that he was conciliatory and forgiving, and hoped to win men to his side by showing mercy. But the civil wars had been fought too much on selfish and personal grounds for one who had been involved in them to calm the passions they had aroused. Financial difficulties soon beset him. He dared not summon Parliament, but raised money by forced loans, which he was anxious to distinguish from benevolences by giving pledges for their repayment; but men saw little difference, and marked their sense of this by calling them "malevolence" instead of "benevolence." Day by day Richard's position became more precarious, and when Richmond landed Richard could only show the bravery of his race by dying courageously in the fight of Bosworth. We need to be reminded that he was only thirty-one when he usurped the throne, and that he died at the age of thirty-three.

A career like that of Richard's belongs to an age of anarchy and stormy passions. It illustrates the way in which a period of wild disorder saps the foundations of political and social morality. We must confess to a desire that Mr. Gairdner had contrived to give us a more vivid picture of the times in which Richard lived. He has worked out carefully Richard's own career and character, but has not done much to supply us with a background. His work is entirely constructed upon the critical method, and leaves no room for digressions into general points of interest. This is to be regretted, because the studies of Mr. Gairdner must have supplied him with ample materials from which to construct a picture of the social state of England during the wars of York and Lancaster. Mr. Gairdner's volume gives us an honest piece of historical work, but does not contribute greatly to our knowledge. The period of the Yorkist and Lancastrian wars needs greater investigation at present than any other period of our history. It is certainly the most obscure, and it is also the period in which least general interest is felt. Yet it is the time when English history approaches most to the history of other European nations, and we ought to have clearly before us the picture of the disruption of the mediæval system in England if we would co-ordinate the course of English history with that of other countries. We hope Mr. Gairdner may some day give us the results of his investigations in the shape of some sketches of society and character at this period.

We must not omit to notice a memoir on Perkin Warbeck with which this volume concludes, and which ought to be conclusive to those who still doubt whether Warbeck was really an impostor. Mr. Gairdner shows that in European diplomacy there was no belief in the reality of Warbeck's claims, and that he was merely regarded as a useful political instrument. Mr. Gairdner also prints a letter of Warbeck's to his mother after his capture, which, if genuine, is entirely conclusive of his imposture. Two copies of it exist in MS., one at Courtray, the other at Tournay. The fact that it has never been produced before seems to be a strong evidence of its genuineness; if it had been forged for the purpose of overthrowing Warbeck's claims it would certainly have been brought forward at the time. In this letter Warbeck says:—"Certain Englishmen have made me take upon myself that I was the son of King Edward of England." He recalls to his mother certain memorials of his early days which other authorities tend to confirm, and he ends by entreating her to do all she can to procure his release.

TROPICAL NATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS.

Tropical Nature and Other Essays. By Alfred R. Wallace. Author of the Malay Archipelago, &c. London: Macmillan and Co.

The tropical world has long ceased to be the terra incognita that it was to our forefathers. Indeed, since the time when Humboldt inaugurated a new era of descriptive narrative, and showed travellers and explorers how to delineate what they had seen, from a scientific, as well as a picturesque point of view, the scenery and products of the tropics have been so often, and so minutely described, that the reading public might be pardoned for assuming that there could be nothing new left to say on so well worn a theme. Any such assumption will, however, be set at naught before the reader has mastered the opening chapter of the present work;

where the author, with his usual clearness of style, discusses the nature of the phenomena which are essentially tropical in contradistinction to those which are general or accidental, and considers how far the causes and conditions of these phenomena admit of being determined. This is an important point of view, from which writers have not yet treated the subject, and accordingly we find that, in following Mr. Wallace in his analysis of the climate, vegetation, and animal life of the equatorial zone, we are being carried along hitherto untrodden lines of inquiry, from which we are led to see the tropical world under wholly novel aspects.

In comparing the climate and characteristic features of the equatorial zone with those of our own temperate lands, it has been generally assumed that the exuberance of life in the tropics, the brilliant tints of flowers, birds and insects, and the local beauty of colouring over earth and sky, are due to the influence of light and heat only. This popular, and apparently incontrovertible view Mr. Wallace, by a mass of carefully tested evidence, shows to be wholly insufficient to account for the extreme diversities of tropical and temperate nature. Thus, for instance, after giving in a few graphic touches a picture of the stormless, unchanging summer that makes up an equatorial year, he points out that this perpetual round of heat and light cannot be due to the greater *intensity* of either; for hourly observations carried on for three years at Batavia (in 6 deg. to 7 deg. S. latitude) show that the maximum heat during that period never exceeded, and seldom reached 95 deg. Fahr., while the mean temperature of each day did not exceed 90 deg. or 91 deg. Fahr. In Java, moreover, the sun's elevation in June is not more than from 58 deg. to 60 deg., when the length of the day is about 11½ hours. Now London, lying in 51 deg. 30 min. N. latitude, sometimes exhibits a maximum heat of 90 deg., while in June, in England, the sun's noontide elevation is 62 deg., and the length of day is sixteen hours. Yet, while in the tropics a European cannot be exposed for even a few minutes to a noonday sun (at only an elevation of 40 deg. or 50 deg.) without having his skin scorched or even blistered, we in London are rarely inconvenienced by a much longer period of mid-day sunning in June. It is obvious, therefore, that it is not merely the greater altitude—or heating power—of the mid-day sun, as popularly supposed, which will explain the uniform high temperature, the extreme richness and exuberance of vegetation, and the abundance and variety of animal life in the tropics.

The causes of essentially tropical features should rather, Mr. Wallace thinks, be traced back to that early age in the history of our globe, when the equatorial zone remained undisturbed by those great cataclysms which buried for countless ages the temperate regions under ice, destroying, during those glacial periods, many of the larger and more specialized forms of animal and vegetable life which had been developed during more favourable epochs. In the temperate and frigid zones there has been a long-continued struggle against the vicissitudes and recurring severities of climate, and a consequent check to development; while, in the equatorial regions, we see a more ancient world, which has remained thronged with life, and where the laws which govern the progressive development of living forms have operated with comparatively little check, the result being an infinite variety and harmony, which we seek in vain in less favoured portions of the earth's surface. Thus it is rather to the *uniformity* and permanence with which *all* terrestrial conditions have acted than to any exceptional local manifestation of the influence of light and heat, that we must refer the phenomena of tropical nature.

In his opening chapters, in which he considers the various causes, such as heat of the soil, saturation of the atmosphere, condensation of atmospheric vapour, direction of winds, &c., which combine to maintain the uniformity of climate observable in all parts of the equatorial zone, Mr. Wallace imparts a highly practical value to his treatment of the subject by showing how largely this all-important characteristic of tropical nature is dependent upon man's agency.

With but few, and those unimportant exceptions, a great forest-band, from a thousand to fifteen hundred miles in width, girdles the earth at the equator, clothing hill, plain, and mountain with an evergreen mantle. Occasionally, a lofty peak or precipitous ridge stands out bare from the surrounding verdure, but often the woody covering is continued to a height of from eight to ten thousand feet, as in Java and in parts of the Andes. Wherever this forest-clothing has been left, perpetual summer reigns; wherever it has been ruthlessly destroyed, a complete departure from the typical equatorial climate is observable, and the seasons either exhibit violent alternations of rain and drought, or are almost rainless. Mr. Wallace believes, therefore, that we can only look for a radical cure of the present scanty and intermittent rainfall in Central India, with its fearful accompaniment of famine, to a systematic planting of all the hill tops, elevated ridges and higher slopes. A similar process would seem to be the only rational method of counteracting the aridity of a great part of equatorial Brazil, which consists of extensive tracts of sandy and bare hills. These barren heights, being perpetually heated by a tropical sun, produce ascending currents of hot air, and prevent all condensation of the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere, thus bringing about the very opposite conditions to those effected by forests, one of the most important and certain actions of which is to check evaporation from the soil, and to cause perennial springs to flow.

Setting aside these vastly important considerations, man, both civilized and savage, has the strongest possible interest in preserving forests in the tropics, since there is scarcely a material want that they are unable to supply. After reading Mr. Wallace's eloquent description of the beauty and endless variety of their products, and the uses to which they are put, we feel that the marvels seen by those cherished friends of our childhood, Robinson Crusoe and the Family Robinson, sink into insignificance; while the various adaptations of the plants around them to the uses of domestic life, which we then thought miracles of ingenuity, look contemptible when compared with the results of ordinary native industry. We need no longer doubt that a palm tree suffices to make the wealth of a family when we learn that it supplies materials for the building of a house, including everything, from the walls to the pins and pegs that serve the purpose of iron nails and screws. It provides bed and cradle, rug and hangings, saucepan and water-carrier, strong posts and slender needles, besides oil for lighting purposes, salt, sugar, bread, vegetables, and fruit that serve for food; while the numerous preparations of its sap, which are sufficiently good imitations of beer, wine, and spirit, include one beverage more grateful than our chocolate, and another which rivals opium or tobacco in its effects. The bamboo is scarcely less protean in its uses. If it can provide the entire plant of some of the best and cheapest bridges in the world, it can equally well be made subservient to inexpensive high art; since a matting of cane strips can supply at the cost of a few shillings the most elegant of parquet-floorings or the most luxurious of spring-beds, while sixpence will suffice for the purchase of a chair that would not be out of place in a London drawing room.

The present volume consists, as the title shows, of various essays in addition to those chapters which treat of the climate and products of the tropics specially. Considered generally, the whole work bears upon one and the same subject, but there is one chapter, the fifth in the series, for which Mr. Wallace demands the particular attention of the reader, since it is here that he has enounced, with great care and minuteness, his own views in opposition to Mr. Darwin's well-known theory of colour in relation to sexual selection. As Mr. Wallace is of opinion that his theory cannot be properly understood without reading the whole of this chapter, we must content ourselves with giving a few only of the most salient points of his argument. In the first place, he attempts to show that light and heat are not the sole causes of colour, and that, in spite of the actually larger number of brightly coloured objects in the tropics, the *proportion* of coloured to obscure species is probably not larger than in more temperate zones, to whose floras we are indebted for some of the most brilliantly coloured of flowers, as rhododendrons, azaleas, camellias, calceolarias, pelargoniums, &c. He shows that changes of colour may be induced in plants by change of soil, and in animals by the substances on which they feed; caterpillars, for instance, producing pupæ the precise colour of the ob-

jects to which they had been attached; and, further, that colour may be modified among higher animals by fear, anger, or other emotion, as in the chameleon, which can change from dull white to a variety of tints. According to his view, colour may be regarded as protective, warning, sexual, and typical, in the case of animals; and as simply attractive in plants, which, needing the aid of insects for their fertilization, must make themselves perceptible from a distance. Hence the glowing tints of Alpine flowers, and the strong perfume which distinguishes so many white flowering plants. In opposition to the Darwinian theory, Mr. Wallace believes that the frequent superiority in brightness of colour of male birds or insects is due to their greater vigour and vitality, colour fading in debility and disease; and that to this greater vitality, and not to colour, which is only one of its manifestations, these favoured creatures owe their greater attractiveness.

Colour would seem in many instances to serve the purposes of warning and of repelling rather than those of alluring. Thus, there are two large families of gorgeously coloured tropical butterflies, the Danaidæ and Acræidæ, which never try to conceal themselves, yet are never touched by birds, spiders, lizards, or monkeys, all of which prey upon other butterflies. The immunity of these beauties is due to the fact that they are not fit to eat, on account of having a disgusting odour and flavour. Similarly, Mr. Belt tells us of a gaudily coloured red and blue frog, which he saw in Nicaragua that hopped about by day and fed in broad daylight. As it is the nature of other frogs to be dull of colour, timid, and nocturnal of habit to evade their common destiny of being devoured by snakes and birds, Mr. Belt, who has strong faith in the theory of colour-warning, suspected there was something amiss with this gay, frolicsome frog, and he accordingly threw one among his ducks, all of which refused to touch it, with the exception of a young duckling, whose consequent discomfort verified the naturalist's superior knowledge. From these and innumerable other facts of a similar character, it is evident that any exceptional display of colour in the lower animals may quite as often be interpreted to mean "don't devour me!" as "come adore me!"

To Mr. Belt's practical application of the warning theory we owe the demolition of a much cherished romance of natural history. Henceforth let no poet write of the glowworm hanging forth her lamp, Hero like, to show the path her Leander should follow. She only carries a light, like a danger signal, to proclaim that she is uneatable, while her mate having wings has other ways of eluding the voracity of insectivorous nocturnal animals. In the tropics, where the latter are very numerous, the true fire flies (Lampyridæ) are all winged, lest, as we are told, they might be mistaken for more savoury insects in the turmoil of the winged crowd, intent upon securing a meal. In this general scramble for existence, nature sometimes comes to the rescue of the feeble by the bestowal of a happy gift of mimicry. Thus, some mock luminous flies (Elateridæ) have mimicked the true fire flies so well that they often escape the rapacious jaws of their enemies; and while craven cuckoos in some parts of Europe put on the colours of the hawk, in the Malays some of these deceivers resemble the Drongo-Skrike, a local bird-tyrant of great rapacity.

Before we leave Mr. Wallace's book, the scientific value of which is made doubly acceptable by the charm of the narrative, and the endless variety of the information it conveys, we ought to record that, if the author destroys some of the fictions of our youth, he rehabilitates the waning credit of several of the older marvels of natural history. Thus, we find that in future we may have the morbid gratification of believing the worst we have ever heard of the blood-sucking propensities of the vampire bat, which we are here assured enters dwellings by night, and by the motion of its wings fans the sleeper into a deeper slumber, rendering him insensible to the wound made by its tongue or teeth, which form a minute hole from which the blood is sucked by the hovering carnivore. The author was twice bitten by one of these night-ghouls, and awoke to find his face streaming with blood, the flow of which was not easily stopped. Some persons, indeed, have such a fatal attractiveness for the vampire, that it is only by a process of mummy-like muffling up that they escape a nightly vivisuction, which may cost them their lives. The fascination of tropical nature can never cease for us northerners, but yet we must own that, while this paradise has to be shared with fellow-lodgers of the vampire order, we, who dwell in climes less favoured by the exuberant vitality of its animal forms, have still something for which to be thankful.

THE THEBAN TRILOGY OF SOPHOCLES.

The Theban Trilogy of Sophocles. With Copious Explanatory Notes for the Use of Elementary Students. By the Rev. W. Linwood, M.A Longmans.

This is another of the numerous attempts to exempt the modern schoolboy from the trouble of thinking for himself. It is not so very long since a few meagre Latin notes and a wholly inadequate Greek Lexicon were the only accessible aids to the study of the Greek drama. The substitution of English for Latin as the commentator's language naturally led to greater minuteness and prolixity, and now there is hardly a classical author who has not been edited for schools with abundant exegetical copiousness. Without for a moment comparing Anthon with Mr. Linwood as a classical scholar, we should say that the well-known edition of 'Horace,' which has saved so many idle boys from being flogged, has been Mr. Linwood's model in point of method, and that no rational youth possessed of the volume before us would ever be at the pains of construing his lesson before going into school. As Mr. Linwood frankly says in his preface, "the translated passages will be found to comprise all which are likely to present any difficulty to those moderately acquainted with Greek idiom and construction." We should ourselves go further, and say that any one having a bowing acquaintaintance with the parts of Greek substantives and verbs, and with the primary rules of Greek syntax, will find that Mr. Linwood's pages will enable him to thread the mazes of Sophoclean diction to the satisfaction of his master if not to the edification of himself. A literal translation of all the choruses will be a welcome boon to many sufferers, and freedom from the perilous association of a green cloth cover and the name of Mr. Bohn will enable Mr. Linwood's readers to assert fearlessly and in accordance with the not very stringent obligations of "schoolboy honour" that they are not using a crib. We fear that less regard will be paid to "the copious selection of parallel passages" "to which the student is solicited to give his earnest attention" than to Mr. Linwood's more practical lucubrations; but the advice, though couched in the form of a tradesman's advertisement rather than of a scholar's preface, is doubtless sound. That Mr. Linwood's style of translation is rather literal than free may be seen from the second line of the 'Œdipus Rex,' where he renders τίνας ποθ' ὕρας τάσδε μοι θοάζετε "what ever are these sittings which ye are sitting?" reminding us of Mr. Trevelyan's historic translation from Horace, which reproduces—

> Sæpe Diespiter
> Neglectus incesto addidit integrum;
> Raro antecedentem scelestum
> Deseruit pede Pœna claudo,

in the form "often has Jupiter being neglected added the entire man to the incestuous person; rarely has punishment with lame foot deserted the antecedent wicked." In 44-45 of the same play,—

> ὡς τοῖσιν ἰμερτίρυσι καὶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς
> ζώσας ἐμῷ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων,

Mr. Linwood follows Professor Kennedy as against Professor Campbell, and takes ξυμφορὰς with βουλεύμάτων "the issues of counsels," and ζώσας in the sense of "successful." Mr. Linwood's view of Sophocles' choruses appears to be that they have very little meaning, that he will do the best he can for them by finding English equivalents for the Greek words, and that if the result be not altogether satisfactory it is the poet and not the translator who is to blame. Thus, the concluding lines of the famous chorus in the 'Œdipus at Colonus,' which begins with the words ἱππόκολον, ξένε, are translated by Mr. Linwood—

> I have, too, another subject of praise to speak of concerning this my mother country, the gift of the great God, its greatest boast, as famed for horses, famed for foals, famed on sea. O, child of Cronus, it was thou, O,

King Poseidon, who didst place it in this proud boast, having set up first in these streets the curb which governs the horses. And the well-rowing oar of the sea bounds wondrously as it bounds along in the hands, accompanying the Nereids of the hundred feet.

Perhaps, however, the translation signed "E. D. S." in Mr. Thackeray's 'Greek Anthology' may induce Mr. Linwood to "go and consider it again":—

Raise for Athens, raise again,
Ere ye close the exulting strain!
Our mother city, long renowned
For the mighty sea-god's dower
Whose plains the fleetest coursers scour,
Whose coasts with brightest waves are crowned;
Hail, Poseidon, for to thee
Athens owes her mastery.
Mighty son of Kronos old,
Who for Athens first didst mould
The forceful bit of matchless skill
To curb the courser's fiery will;
While upon the heaving sea
Bounds the oar in lightsome glee,
In the sun-light gaily glancing,
And the Ocean Nymphs are dancing
To its measured melody.

Mr. Linwood does not seem to possess in any degree that faculty of rising to the occasion which no good translator was ever wholly without, and which Dryden possessed in a supreme degree. The magnificent apostrophe of 'Œdipus' beginning:—

ὦ πλοῦτε καὶ τυραννὶ καὶ τέχνη τέχνης
ὑπερφέρουσα τῷ περιζήλῳ βίῳ,
ὅσος παρ' ὑμῖν ὁ φθόνος φυλάσσεται,

from which the words τέχνη τέχνης ὑπερφέρουσα were most ingeniously selected for the inscription over the sculptor's studio when "Pygmalion and Galatea" was last acted at the Haymarket, is turned by Mr. Linwood into this sort of thing: "O wealth, and sovereign power, and skill exceeding skill, belonging to the much-coveted life, how great is the envy which is stored up along with you." But, in spite of much roughness and awkwardness, Mr. Linwood has, we feel bound to say, accurately and faithfully explained the numerous grammatical complexities which have made the 'Œdipus Rex' a recognised storehouse of Greek syntax. The 'Œdipus at Colonus' has been subjected to no such degrading treatment. Whether from the greater simplicity of its language, or from the exquisite beauty of many passages in it, or from some other more accidental cause, the grammarians have spared it, and the fruit of Sophocles' old age has not been cut into shreds for the purpose of illustrating certain private arrangements of the commentators popularly known as "grammatical rules." On the pessimistic chorus beginning:—

ὅστις τοῦ πλείονος μέρους
χρήζει

Mr. Linwood is scarcely so full as might be desired; for the poem, which is of great beauty and eloquence, contains many difficult passages, and what Mr. Linwood chooses to call a translation by no means takes the place of a proper exegesis. For instance, to be told that "death at last, when the common lot of Hades, without marriage, without harp, without dance, has appeared, comes as a relief," is neither to receive an idea intelligible in itself nor an explanation of the words:—

ὁ δ' ἰτέαμος,
ἰσοτέλεστος
Ἀΐδος ὅτι μοῖρ' ἀνυμέναιος
ἄλυρος ἄχορος ἀναπίφηνε,
θάνατος ἐς τελευτάν.

The 'Antigone,' with which Mr. Linwood concludes his labours, is perhaps more interesting to modern readers than either 'Œdipus.' It is not unfrequently acted in Germany, and it has been repeatedly translated in England. Mr. Linwood is generally trustworthy in his commentary upon it, though in 350-1 we think him wrong in reading λασιαύχενά θ' ἵππον ὑπάξεται instead of ἄξεται, as in Dindorf's Portæ Scenici. We doubt, too, if "fallest upon the cattle" can be upheld as a translation of ἰὼ κτήμασι πίπτεις in 782. Is not the better rendering "fallest upon thy slaves," *i. e.* fallest upon men so as to make them thy slaves? Others take κτήμασιν as meaning "rich people." Mr. Linwood's book has with many obvious defects one great merit. He never gives more than one reading, or more than one interpretation of the same passage. Those who have wearied themselves over the three possible meanings which Conington always attributed to the simplest phrase in Virgil, or with the hazy doubts of less learned commentators, will be grateful for the happy audacity which characterises this volume.

GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

Gentle and Simple. By Margaret Agnes Paul. Author of 'Dorothy,' &c. Two Vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The first chapter of 'Gentle and Simple' introduces us to Ivy House, Putney, an "establishment for young ladies," in teaching some of whom their scales Millicent Winter is employed, while her uncle, Mr. Hamilton, "a tall dark man of imposing presence," is occupied in discussing her future prospects with Mrs. Cameron, the ruler of Ivy House. This excellent person is unwilling herself to give the girl employment, but suggests that after the advantages which she has received at Ivy House there can be no difficulty about her obtaining a situation as a governess. "Her poor mother," explains the wealthy Mr. Hamilton, "disgraced herself. She was a self-willed girl—Millicent reminds one of her—and ran away with her drawing-master, a young man of quite low origin. It was impossible for me to recognise her." When, however, both the parents died suddenly, leaving the unhappy Millicent a destitute orphan, Mr. Hamilton felt himself bound to do something for his niece, and believed that he had acted with great credit to himself in keeping her for a certain number of years at Ivy House. While his first wife was alive Millicent used to visit her aunt and cousin in Belgrave-square, but since the reign of the second Mrs. Hamilton all her life had been spent at Ivy House. The second Mrs. Hamilton is indeed indignant enough at having to take the girl in even for a few days when she leaves Ivy House, which she does directly after Mr. Hamilton's visit. Mrs. Hamilton's unkindness when Millicent goes to her home is made up for by her cousin Celia's graciousness, and, after a fashion, by the attentions of Claude Entwistle, Mrs. Hamilton's son by a former marriage, a selfish, extravagant, fascinating young man, given to flirting and dabbling in painting. Millicent presently receives an invitation from her uncle, Mr. Winter, to take up her abode with him at the Moat Farm, where he lives the life of an honest yeoman, marred only by the bullying of his daughter, Mrs. Jones, and her son John. It is from the period of Millicent's introduction to the Moat Farm that the story gets into its full swing of interest, which is kept up unflaggingly to the end. Near the Moat Farm are the homes of Sir Harry and Lady Conway and that of the Rev. Rowland Grey and his sister Margaret. We need not forestall a reader's interest by explaining in detail how it is that Millicent comes into relation with the occupants of both houses, and how she becomes governess to the children of Lord Rashleigh, who also lives not very far off, and who has married her cousin Celia. But we may point out that there is much skill in Mrs. Paul's method of bringing together the different threads of her narrative and keeping her reader's attention upon a plot which has enough and not too much ramification, while it contains no incident which does not bear upon the progress of the story. Sir Harry Conway's son Oliver is a romantic young man who is inclined to sneer at the advantages which fate has been good enough to put in his way, and, unlike many such people, is confident enough to give a practical proof of his contempt by insisting upon marrying a "platter-faced maiden," a certain Fraülein Zeiler, with whom he has fallen in in the course of his travels. As her character is gradually developed by Mrs. Paul, it appears that she is a thoroughly practical young woman, whose object in life is self-advancement, and who cares little by what means she gains it. Of course poor Oliver is blind to this, and thinks her so perfect that he gladly accepts disinheritance as the alternative of casting her off. She, honest soul, is by no means prepared for the Quixotic and poverty-stricken existence which attends him, and while he is absent in Germany, living as best he can, she plans and carries out other schemes. We have digressed from the subject of the heroine of 'Gentle

and Simple' to that of Fraülein Zeiler, because in her and her history are found, to our thinking, some of the best and some of the worst points in the novel. The German girl herself is admirably drawn throughout; there must have been, one would think, a great temptation to exaggeration in dealing with her; but it is a danger which has been most completely avoided. Mrs. Paul may be congratulated on having produced a character original in design and capital in execution. But, with Lady Conway's conduct with regard to her we are less pleased. Lisa Zeiler would undoubtedly have accepted Lady Conway's offer, and as undoubtedly have acted afterwards in the way which the writer describes for us. But that Lady Conway would have made the offer we are entitled to doubt. Something, much indeed, must be allowed for the feelings of a mother who is longing to save her son from absolute ruin; and in a certain sense Lady Conway's conduct is heroic. But, it seems to us, to bring out this view of it, Mrs. Paul should have dwelt more upon the struggle in her mind which was gone through before she could bring herself down even for a moment to the level of Lisa Zeiler. But Fraülein Zeiler is, after all, not the chief personage in the novel, although she has indirectly more influence upon its events than any one else. It is upon Millicent Winter that our great interest hangs. The writer sets herself a difficult task in dealing with such a character, and a still more difficult one in placing her in such exceptional circumstances as she encounters. The merit of her success is enhanced by a recognition of these facts. It is in the development of Millicent's character, the influence upon it of outer events, that we see special cause for praise. What those events are readers may be left to find out for themselves. There are many of Mrs. Paul's minor characters who might be singled out for laudation. She has, we think, failed in Claude Entwistle, probably because in that instance she has trusted rather to convention and tradition than to her own observation and invention.

JOHN MARTIN, SCHOOLMASTER AND POET.

A Legacy; being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet. Written and Edited by the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Hurst and Blackett.

There was in Roman Law a form of legacy called *hereditas sine sacris* which was especially valued because it involved no obligation on the part of the legatee towards the memory of the testator. The Legacy which was bequeathed to Mrs. Craik by 'John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet,' is of a very different kind. What substantial remuneration it may bring to her is a secret between herself and Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. But we are sure that it will be dearly purchased by the association of a name well seen in literature with the dreary commonplace and still drearier rant of which this book principally consists. And first, let us be rid of the poetry. That John Martin was a schoolmaster is, of course, a matter of fact. Whether he was a poet is a matter of opinion and one which cannot be settled by publishing his verses under the shelter of Mrs. Craik's reputation. One of the late Mr. Martin's shorter poems, which, so far as we can see, is no better and no worse than the others, will give our readers an opportunity of testing his claims to poetic genius. Poor Liberty, which once inspired every puny songster with tremulous enthusiasm, but, in these days of Conservative reaction and Catholic revival, is scouted by every brain-sick youth who imagines that Melpomene smiled upon his birth, is the subject of the lay:—

> There was a time when songs of liberty
> Were all my drink, my spirits' wholesome air,
> Nothing in life seemed half so good and fair
> As red cap—revolution—sympathy
> With men whose utmost merit was to dare,
> Dagger in hand, the tyrant in his lair,
> Filling the world with woe and misery
> By one ensanguined deed! I would not give
> The whisper of a cheer—approve of, hold
> Myself in unison with men who live
> Treach'rous wolves within the lost sheepfold!
> Ruled I would be, if ever, by the bold,
> Determined man of action and of mind,
> Albeit heartless, than by idle crews,
> Lawless and brutal, changeful as the wind,
> Whom naught but crimson plunder can amuse.

Setting aside the confusion of metaphors, the involution of language, and the meanness of expression which characterise this poetic flight, the hopelessly common-place nature of such thought as it contains stamps it as the offspring of a prosaic mind. But enough of this gentleman's poetry, which Mrs. Craik considers far inferior to the prose of his diary. This diary contains, among other things, some judicial reflections upon the French Revolution, which really deserve quotation by the astounding combination of ignorance and arrogance which they display, though the language is poor enough:—

> They [the leaders of the Revolution] signalised their accession to power by acts of spoliation and cruelty; yet they pretended to believe that the mob, to whom they gave higher power than they claimed for themselves, would be sure to use that power moderately and justly. The consequence was that they overturned a Monarchy which had conceded all reasonable demands, and substituted for it the rule, the iron despotism, the variable, but always oppressive, never just sway of a ragged, ignorant, brute-beast mob. They had the reputation (these promoters of the Revolution) of wise men or philosophers; they acted with the rancour of criminals let loose from punishment, with the besotted stupidity of inebriated fools. No words can stigmatise too strongly (for in every country—in this—the elements of revolution exist) the conduct of those who hurled humanity—its intellect, beauty, goodness, industry, refinement, and bravery—under the swine-like feet of those who resembled human creatures less than they resembled foxes, wolves, tigers, apes.

The writer calls this speaking "strongly." He had evidently overlooked Lord Beaconsfield's distinction between strength and violence of language.

What led Mrs. Craik to believe that she was acting usefully or wisely, or in the interest of her deceased friend's reputation, in editing these chaste and elegant tirades we cannot tell. She informs us that John Martin "could never have had any of those social advantages which we deem, and truly, are indispensable to the young," a sentence which seems to involve a contradiction. She takes occasion to allude to herself with graceful modesty as a "worker in the garden of Parnassus," whatever that may be, and she expresses by the way the sage opinion that "the sale of alcohol in every form should be subject to the same penal restrictions as the sale of poison." But the discovery or exploitation of John Martin was not necessary to enable Mrs. Craik to talk about herself, which she does pretty freely, or to express social opinions in terms calculated to gratify their opponents rather than their supporters. A lady who can make the expediency of marrying your deceased wife's sister the subject of a novel need never be driven to biography as a vehicle for the propagation of a social theory. It may be, also, that, as Mrs. Craik more than once hints, there were circumstances in John Martin's life which made such success as he attained in his short career sufficiently remarkable to be of general interest. But, then, whether this is so or not is just what we are not told. A veil is drawn over the darker portions of his history, and what the difficulties and disadvantages of John Martin were we are left to conjecture. Mrs. Craik cannot, of course, be blamed for respecting a secret confided to her, but she might well have considered, whether a story deprived of its only striking features is worth telling at all. Many a one besides John Martin has striven "to assert his independence as a man, one of God's creatures, not as a mere fellow and interloper whose blood has flowed through scoundrels ever since the flood," and yet found no *vates sacer* to chronicle his creditable efforts. Many people have written Johnsonese about common things without exciting public attention, but when John Martin describes an idiot bullied by boys as having "a face inflamed with frenzied anger," it all goes down in print for the edification of the circulating library. Few people, perhaps, have argued against a reform of the franchise on the ground that "if it swamped us with a tide of democracy, as some predicted, it was to be hailed by the high and the wise, and if it did not, seeing that the honest and good already had votes, it was an idle work of idle hands and empty brains," but quite as foolish things have been said on the same subject by Tory peers and members of Parliament, and have been suffered to drop into the oblivion which they deserved. Perhaps this little piece of logic may be accounted for by the contempt of politics felt by all poetasters, to which cause we are inclined to ascribe the enigmatical remark, "In 1870 I hardly cared three straws whether Germany or Prussia won the victory in France." But the following sentence, relating to subjects in which rhymsters should be at home, we are

compelled to give up in despair: "The truth is that to stick to nature leads us in the predicament of Wordsworth; to depart from nature subjects to the string of dictionary words thrown haphazard together by such a man as Browning, our course must be a mean."

BOSWELL AGAIN.

Boswell Again. By Philalethes. London: Reeves and Turner.

We had always supposed that since the republication of Mr. Carlyle's essay on Boswell there was but one opinion as to the justice of Macaulay's remarks on that "first of biographers." But it is worth while returning to the notion, prevalent enough when Macaulay wrote his review of Croker's edition of 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' that Boswell had been for ever demolished, to enjoy the vigour with which "Philalethes" turns and rends the critic. We have read few productions of late in which there is so much old-fashioned energy of recrimination combined with so much sound scholarship as in this little *brochure*. The writer's enthusiasm would have been damped, his pen would have fallen in languid disappointment from his hand, if he had not supposed that Macaulay's estimate of Boswell was universally accepted, and that he was venturing on a "hazardous enterprise" when he stepped forward to challenge it, saying to himself that he "feared not this Goliath," that "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and that "the truth is great and will prevail."

The freshness of mind which "Philalethes" brings to his task, and the feeling that he stands alone in his championship of the unjustly despised biographer, have enabled him to confront Macaulay's sweeping generalizations with several damaging particulars which have hitherto escaped observation. For example, Macaulay asserts that Boswell was, "if we are to give any credit to his own account or to the united testimony of all who knew him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect." Passing lightly over the fact that Boswell's admission of his own foolishness may fairly be accepted as evidence of his wisdom, "Philalethes" adduces the testimony of Mr. Courtenay as a proof that there was at least one exception to the general statement that all Boswell's contemporaries looked upon him as a fool:—

> Amid these names can Boswell be forgot,
> Scarce by North Britons now esteemed a Scot?
> Who, to the sage devoted from his youth,
> Imbibed from him the sacred love of truth,
> The keen research, the exercise of mind,
> And that best art, the art to know mankind.

At least one of Boswell's contemporaries, "Philalethes" is justified in pointing out, saw that the man with all his outward affectations and absurdities had a keen insight into human character. He is not less happy in his exposure of the inaccuracy of Macaulay's saying that "Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when the 'Dunciad' was written." "I do not know," "Philalethes" says, "upon what authority this utterance stands: I think it may probably be a corruption of the following narration by Boswell; for it is surprising how things are altered by transmission from book to book." 'He (Johnson) repeated to us in his forcible melodious manner the concluding lines of the 'Dunciad.' While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem—a poem on what?" Johnson (with a disdainful look), "Why, on dunces. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, sir, had'st thou lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits.'"

"Philalethes" combats with great seriousness the notion that the "one of the company" to whom Boswell alludes could possibly have been himself. Even if it was, he argues, Johnson frequently spoke in jest, and formally protested against what he said in this spirit being misunderstood. But it could not have been Boswell to whom he referred, even in jest, as a dunce, for he often spoke of him in terms of the warmest admiration. The number of instances which "Philalethes" quotes is certainly remarkable. If he knows many books as well as he seems to know his 'Life of Johnson,' he must be a very ripe scholar indeed. He adduces triumphantly the fact that Johnson, on his third interview with Boswell, declared that he had "taken a liking to him." Could the man, he asks, whom Johnson so readily admitted to his friendship, have been a great fool, and a worthy subject for the author of the 'Dunciad?' Many things are recorded in the 'Life of Johnson,' which go to prove that so far from regarding Boswell as a fool, his great friend regarded him as a man of ability. "There are few persons," Johnson said on one occasion, "whom I take to so much as you." When Boswell talked of leaving England, Johnson said to him, "My dear Boswell, I should be very unhappy at parting did I think we were not to meet again." "Think only," he said at another time, "when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him." And, again, "Never, my dear sir, do you take it into your head that I do not love you. I love you as a kind man, I value you as a worthy man, and I hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary piety. 'I hold you,' as Hamlet has it, 'in my hearts of hearts.'" Many other similar expressions are quoted by "Philalethes." When Johnson advised his young friend to "perambulate" Spain, and said that "a man of very inferior abilities may furnish us with useful observations on that country," is it to be conceived, he very properly asks, that Boswell appeared to him to be a man of no ability? Again, if he had entertained this opinion of Boswell, would he have written to him in the following strain about his 'Tour in the Hebrides?' "Let me know as fast as you read it how you like it; and let me know if any mistake is committed, or anything important left out. I wish you could have seen the sheets." It hardly needed the further evidence that, when Sir Joshua Reynolds promised Mrs. Abington to take a number of wits to her benefit, Boswell was invited by him to be one of the party to convince us that in the estimation of his contemporaries Boswell was neither a dunce nor a fool.

Against Macaulay's statement that Boswell was "a slave proud of his servility," "Philalethes" arrays an equally formidable body of testimony. He had a great admiration for Johnson's talents, and a great veneration for his character, but he by no means stood alone in this. "Philalethes" quotes other instances of distinguished men who looked up to Johnson with reverence. That Boswell was slavishly submissive to his master's judgments he altogether denies, and quotes a quite overwhelming number of particulars to the contrary. Boswell, he says, "differs from him in his estimate of Paul Whitehead, Lord Chesterfield's letters to his Son, Gray, Churchill, the Memoirs of the Duke of Brunswick by Frederick the Great, Fielding and Richardson, Mrs. Montague's Essay on Shakespeare, Dalrymple's style, Robertson's History, Dean Swift, Mason, 'The Beggars' Opera,' The Utility of Vows,' a poem called 'The Grave,' Hamilton's poems, and Pennant's Travels. He differs with him also on the subjects of Sir Richard Walpole's administration, the parentage of Richard Savage, the propriety of a master telling his servant to deny him when he is at home, as to a schoolboy being the happiest of human beings, the advantage of a wife being a learned woman, the sentiments expressed in the 'False Alarm,' the use of the word 'civilization,' the propriety of introducing Scripture in secular discourse, lay patronage, the Nonjurors, a patriot, whether all men have a belief in immortality, the pleasure of admiration, the propriety of a Scotch militia, the value of statuary, the value of printing, the merit of a player, slavery, Charles V. celebrating his funeral obsequies, whether a man's good or bad humour depends on his will, the advantages of old age, whether certain vices hurt a man's character, Johnson's eulogy of Garrick, the unfitness of poetry for the subject of religion, Johnson's opinion of Lord Lyttelton. Other instances might be quoted, but these may suffice." Not only did Boswell occasionally differ from Johnson in his opinions, but he maintained his own against him with success. When Johnson, criticising his inaugural thesis in Civil Law, told him that his Latin wanted correction, Boswell instead of bowing to his decision "very ably defended" himself. He "gave a proof of his acuteness in criticism by pointing out an error in Johnson's imitation of the 10th Satire of Juvenal, which Johnson

immediately corrected." "He informs us that the Lords of the Session of Scotland gave a preference to a petition written by himself to one subsequently written for him by Johnson."

We need not follow "Philalethes" into his elaborate proof that Boswell was not a "Paul Pry," was not indelicately intrusive, and displayed in his conversation something more than the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen. In confutation of Macaulay's propositions on these points he observes the same method of quoting contradictory instances. A little acquaintance with what other writers have advanced might, perhaps, have damped the vehemence of "Philalethes's" antagonism to Macaulay, but this would have been a pity, for he supports his counter-propositions with a thoroughness which no other champion of the maligned biographer, not even Mr. Jowett, has approached.

WORD FOR WORD FROM HORACE.

The Odes Literally Versified. By William Thomas Thornton, C.B. Macmillan.

Few persons will hesitate to agree with Mr. Thornton that "if one novelty more than another may fairly be required to show cause for its existence, it is an addition to the already formidable heap of translations from 'Horace.'" The vast majority of these efforts are very speedily eliminated from the total sum, and the "formidable heap," *ratione ruentis acervi*, decreases with a rapidity that defies the reinforcements of amateur scholarship to counteract it. Without being drawn into the fallacy of the sorites, we may venture to express a doubt whether the English versions of 'Horace' which are really read are sufficient to constitute a "heap," whether "formidable" or otherwise. This consideration may perhaps moderate the resentment of the multitude who, in this respect, are *auditores tantum*, and lead them to regard the translation of 'Horace' in the same light in which Macaulay regarded the speculations of James Mill, and which represented them to him as not much more useless than gambling, and infinitely more humane than cockfighting. Mr. Thornton has apparently been inspired with a desire to emulate a now almost forgotten work of the late Lord Lytton. That ingenious and indefatigable *littérateur* conceived and executed the design of reproducing "the great little poet" in the metres of the original, with the result of causing to persons having ears for rhythm a mental sensation analagous to the physical consequences of being jolted in a springless vehicle. Mr. Thornton, however, is not consistent. Sapphics present no terrors for him, and for Asclepiads of all kinds he is ready with equivalents. But Alcaics quench his ardour, though, lest he should be taken to admit in any way his inferiority to Mr. Tennyson, he expresses an opinion that even the Laureate's "genius might have been at fault if, instead of being unfettered in his choice of subject, and instead of having the whole vocabulary of our language at his disposal, he had been rigorously restricted to the English synonyms of the few words actually employed by Horace, and required therewith to express Horace's meaning in Alcaic verse." This is as it may be; but, whatever Mr. Thornton might be able to achieve would hardly surpass the stanza which almost equals Horace at his best:—

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of time and eternity,
God-gifted organ voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

Mr. Thornton, however, claims attention specially on the ground that he has been more strictly literal than his predecessors, and he seeks to prove his superior fidelity on the curious ground that "almost every Latin word will . . . be found to have its English, and almost every English word its Latin equivalent." We remember a short-tempered instructor of youth expressing his objection to *Est mihi* being translated "I have," in the triumphantly indignant query, "Where's I," and "Where's have?" But then we always considered him unduly devoted to the letter which killeth. And we venture to think that, if anyone will take the trouble to compare Mr. Thornton's "literal" treatment of 'Horace' with the beautiful translation of Mr. Martin—perhaps the best of the English language—he will have little difficulty in deciding which of them has more successfully reproduced the spirit which giveth life. Every translator should know that to translate literally is not really to translate at all; and, if Mr. Thornton would compare the late Lord Derby's dull and wooden version of the 'Iliad' with the faithful, because free and poetical version of Philip Worsley, or Mr. Browning's "literal" Agamemnon with the late Dean Milman's, he would see that neither a great scholar nor a great poet can disregard the genius of the English language with impunity; and, if his modesty permitted him to apply an argument *a fortiori*, he might see reason to doubt whether he had superseded Mr. Martin.

From a literal translator like Mr. Thornton we have some right to expect a regard for the text of his author. Now there is an edition of 'Horace' prepared by a great English scholar which is incomparably the best that has appeared in this country. Mr. Thornton, however, entirely ignores the labours of Mr. Munro, and falls back on the utterly untrustworthy and inaccurate Macleane. Mr. Munro's authoritative text, and Mr. Yonge's scholarly though somewhat meagre commentary, would have saved our translator from many blunders, such as reading:—

Ut semper udum Tibur, et Hesulo
Declive contempleris arvum,

instead of *Ne* etc. in iii., 29, or translating

Quidquid corrigere est nefas

in i. 24, as

That which 'twere *criminal* to remedy.

The fifth Ode of the first Book was, as most people know, translated by Milton. One of the few signs of grace in Bulwer Lytton's version of 'Horace' was his refusal to attempt any substitution of his own for that matchless performance. Mr. Thornton, however, has no such scruples, and we see no reason why he should not be represented to the public in company which he has not shrunk from entering. We will, therefore, sandwich him between Horace and Milton:—

HORACE.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? Heu, quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis! Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

MR. THORNTON.

Pyrrha, what slender youth, bedewed
With liquid fragrance, t'ward thee presses,
In pleasant grot with roses strewed?
For whom, at thy neat toilet wooed,
Dost thou bind up thy golden tresses?
Alas! how oftentimes will he
Who full of trust now fondles thee,
And dreaming not of treacherous wind
Pictures thee ever fair and kind—
How often will he mourn at last
Thine and the gods' inconstancy!
How, unaccustomed, stare aghast
Upon a dark, storm-roughened sea!
Woe will abide
With them on whom thou shin'st untried!
But that to Ocean's sovereign
I have hung up my dripping dress,
My tablet in his holy fane,
My votive tablet witnesses.

MILTON.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses, in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted, shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou, untried, seem'st fair. Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

Mr. Thornton's usual correctness and occasional elegance do not furnish a sufficient excuse for another attempt to achieve an impossible combination of poetry and precision.

VIVA.

Viva. By Mrs. Forrester, author of 'Mignon,' 'Diana,' 'Carew,' 'Dolores,' &c. In Three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

Mrs. Forrester informs us, in a pathetic voice, that she has "lived in the world nearly half the three-score-and-ten years allotted to humanity," and she warns us that she is writing for those who have reached the same peaceful period in existence, and not for young people, all of whom she would have "happy and merry, and full of faith and hope." Her many admirers, however, will be glad to hear that Mrs. Forrester carries her years as lightly as Mr. Charles Mathews, and that beyond an occasional allusion to personages of a former generation (such as Napoleon III.) there is nothing to show that the story is not from a modern pen. But from her green summit of maturity, through her tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles, Mrs. Forrester takes a far from cheerful view of humanity. Morals have not by any means improved since her patches-and-powder days. All around her she sees nothing but wives duped by their husbands, husbands in turn by their wives, and wives again by their cavaliers.

At the opening of the book Mrs. Forrester's hoary-headed readers are at once introduced into the dazzling presence of the noble characters whose fortunes they are to have the privilege of following throughout the three volumes. "A shimmer of satin, a cloud of laces, gems that sparkle under the countless wax lights, gems, rarer still, that flash with more perishable brilliancy from beneath the arched brows of their fair owners—odours of rare flowers, rustle of rich garments, a low hum of voices, broken now and then by the *rire perlé* of a pretty woman, or a man's deeper tones. In the Galerie des Cartes at Compiègne the guests of the Emperor and Empress of France are awaiting their Imperial hosts." The heroine, the Duchesse de Lallière—otherwise Viva—figures before this aristocratic company in a *tableau vivant* entertainment. These *tableaux* give a fore-taste of the story. They represent Joy and Sorrow. "The curtain is withdrawn, cloud after cloud of gauze is skilfully removed—the group takes an outline: presently it stands revealed. A burst of applause breaks the momentary hush. In the centre stands the young Duchess, crowned and garlanded with flowers, and at her feet are grouped Morning, Love, Hope, Pleasure. They are all fair and graceful, their pose is as artistic as the master hand of D*** can make it, but the centre figure is the one that attracts all eyes and hearts. For her fair young face is so radiant, so glad, the soul speaks so eloquently through her lovely eyes, she seems, indeed, a living incarnation of joy, a ray of happiness caught and imprisoned for one fleeting moment." The hero, Alsager Clive (afterwards Lord Riversdale) is enchanted, but—"Hush! the curtain is rising again . . . There against a background of dark rocks stands a frail woman's form, all sable clad, with white arms hanging down, and fingers writhing in each other's clasp, and at her feet crouch the figures of Night, Despair, and Death. And in her face there is such a world of sorrow, of woe unutterable, of despair without ray of hope, that those who gaze at her are fain to weep for very sympathy. A cold hand seems to clutch at Alsager's heart. Does the prescience already come to him that the future holds a day wherein, looking upon that grief stricken, it will be for him to bow his head and cry, *Mea culpa?*"

It is easy to conceive what an engrossing story such an accomplished writer as Mrs. Forrester will make out of this idea, and it would be a pity in any way to diminish the interest of the novel by a detailed narration. Of the three volumes the first is certainly the best. All the characters in it are well conceived and natural, especially, perhaps, that of the Duc de Lallière: the situations are dramatic, and the emotions life-like. Mrs. Forrester never falls into exaggeration, however tempting the occasion, and there are certainly few writers who deal with themes as exciting as those which she chooses of whom as much can be said. In the second volume the interest rather falls off. The fresh importation of characters has less originality than its predecessors. A simple-minded vicar, with two artless daughters and a light-hearted schoolboy, are bound to fall rather flat after a galaxy of frail duchesses and unprincipled dukes. But the influence of innocence and rusticity upon the worldly hero and the temporary phase which they bring about in his character are admirably worked out. Indeed, the whole career of Alsager Clive is an elaborate and accurate study, which alone is a good deal to show for the observation of nearly half three-score years and ten. "Captain the Honourable Alsager Clive," says the author, "has no better title to being a hero than that he occupies the principal *rôle* in this story. Yet do not misunderstand me; do not suspect this frank *debonnair* looking young Englishman of any secret villainy. No need to look down at those shapely feet to be sure that there is no cloven hoof to conceal; as he stands bare-headed in the autumn night, with the soft wind stirring his close-shorn curls, I have no evil to record against him, no crime to brand him worse than his fellow men. I could say nothing more to his prejudice than that perhaps he is a little selfish." Through this one failing, Mrs. Forrester shows us how Clive manages to disseminate misery and ruin all around him, and yet to escape himself comparatively unscathed. We rather question the appropriateness of the text, "And be sure your sins will find you out," which adorns the harmony-in-black-and-crimson in which the book is bound. The characters mostly pick out such very sturdy sins from which to escape, that they would require extremely long starts to have any chance of getting away from them. And the sin generally appears, like a good-natured old gentleman who has caught a small boy ringing his front-door bell, rather puzzled to know what to do with the delinquent when he *has* "found him out." Clive himself certainly gets off pretty cheaply, since his only punishment is to be married to a rather oppressively perfect wife, who averts her face when he regales her with *bon mots*, while the accommodating duchess is reminded that "They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing," and is meanwhile given a comfortable home where she is able to devote her time in peace to teaching dear little Fitz-Clive his alphabet.

Juvenile readers who insist, notwithstanding the author's warning, on perusing this book will find themselves in a new and terrible world; they will see Society stripped of its mask and shudder at the hideousness revealed. But some, who have lived over more of the "three-score-and-ten years allotted to humanity," may drop tear for tear, and interchange sympathetic pressures of the hand with the life-sick author. We sincerely hope that Mrs. Forrester will spend the autumn of her life as profitably as she has spent its spring, and give us many more stories as well written and worth reading as her last.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Supernatural in Nature. A Verification by free use of Science. (Kegan Paul and Co.).—This volume is entitled to respect in virtue of the author's good intentions and his obvious painstaking. He clearly entertains a genuine regard for physical science and a sincere good will towards its professors. How little he has entered into its spirit is apparent from his own proposition of its compatibility with a succession of supernatural interferences. The term supernatural is most loosely used throughout, sometimes merely as implying the existence of a first cause, the ultimate ground of phenomena; at other times as alleging the substantial truth of the Mosaic cosmogony and biblical miracles generally. The writer would have done more for both propositions if he had been able to keep them more distinct.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, with Poems formerly printed with His, or attributed to Him. Edited with a

Memoir by Robert Bell. Revised edition with preliminary essay, by Rev. W. W. Skeat. 4 vols. (George Bell and Sons).—We are glad to see a reissue of Robert Bell's edition of Chaucer, for it is upon the whole the best edition that has been produced. Even his text, with all its faults, is more accurate than that issued by Mr. Richard Morris, which, while it professes to adhere strictly to particular manuscripts, is disfigured by printer's errors and mistaken conjectural emendations. We cannot hope for a perfect text of Chaucer till some competent editor with an ear for metre and a feeling for poetry, has collated the valuable Parallel Six Texts edition of the Chaucer Society, a work which goes far to redeem the many wild pranks of which that society has been guilty. Mr. Bell's notes and introductions, too, have the merit of really assisting the reader's comprehension. No person could have been found more competent to revise these notes by the light of subsequent investigations than Mr. Skeat. It is a pity that Mr. Skeat had not time to revise Bell's Glossary. Mr. Skeat, indeed, seems to have been pressed for time also in his curt corrections of some of Bell's notes, and in his own preliminary essay. We cannot otherwise account for the dogmatic meagreness of the reasons he gives for printing the 'Court of Love' and the translation of the 'Romance of the Rose' apart from the rest of Chaucer's works, as "poems formerly printed with his, or attributed to him." Mr. Skeat seems to have been too hurried to understand the grounds on which some writers have contended for the genuineness of the 'Court of Love'; at any rate, instead of answering their arguments, he invents arguments for them suited to his own capacity, and demolishes these with withering contempt. We should be more willing to accept Mr. Skeat's dictatorial authority on the point if he adhered steadily to one view. But formerly he asserted that the 'Court of Love' must have been written during the reign of Elizabeth, perhaps by Sackville, and maintained this with such vehemence as to imply that anybody who held a contrary view must be either a fool or an ignoramus. Next, we were told by Mr. Furnivall that Mr. Skeat placed the poem without admitting the possibility of a doubt at the beginning of the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Now, we are told that Mr. Skeat has discovered a M.S. of the poem, written about 1500, "probably later, certainly not earlier." From these slight waverings of judgment we should imagine that the grounds on which Mr. Skeat bases his decisions do not admit of that indisputable certainty which he claims.

MUSIC.

Mme. ETELKA GERSTER.

This gifted artist, whose rapid and great success was the chief event of last season, has returned to England, and her first appearance on Saturday last tended to prove that her position amongst the favourites of the public may henceforth be considered established. She was greeted with enthusiastic applause, which showed no abatement from the first scene to the last. We have the greater satisfaction in recording this signal success, as it appeared to us fully deserved. We were slow last year in joining in the chorus of laudation which attempted to place a young and comparatively inexperienced singer on the pinnacle of fame, and we thought it our duty to point out several grave deficiencies with regard more especially to the lady's acting. Since that time Mme. Gerster has gained more stage experience, and this enables her to give unimpaired efficiency to her natural gifts. Nothing more charming and more finished can, indeed, be imagined than her impersonation of the heroine in Bellini's opera. The part is not one of violent dramatic action; the joys and sufferings of Amina lie within a narrow compass; and a quiet pastoral kind of atmosphere, further intensified by the style of Bellini's music, surrounds the whole action; but all the more difficult is the artist's task in endeavouring to interest the audience in the common incidents of real life. In this task, as we said before, Mme. Gerster fully succeeded. She was charming and unaffected as Elvino's happy bride in the first act; but in the second act, when the shadow of cruel and unjust suspicion falls upon her, her acting gained in dramatic intensity. Perhaps the most successful part of the performance was the sleep-walking scene in the last act. The somnambulist's uncertainty of step and gesture was "realistic" in the best sense, and the tender complaints of the loving girl were uttered with a simplicity all the more laudable as it is rarely met with on the modern operatic stage. Of Mme. Gerster's singing we shall not speak in detail on the present occasion. Suffice it to say that in this respect, also, the lady showed a considerable improvement upon her former by no means despicable accomplishments. Her high notes seemed more sonorous and more sustained, and, as regards the quality called by singing masters *agilitá*, Mme. Gerster need not shun comparison with the most renowned *prime donne*. In a performance so well rounded off it would be superflous to point out detached excellencies; to say, for instance, that "*Come per me sereno*" was admirably sung, or that "*Tenero pegno*" was declaimed with charming tenderness. The Elvino to Mme. Gerster's Amina was Signor Fancelli, who sung as well and acted as awkwardly as on previous occasions. Signor Del Puente was Count Rodolpho, and Mlle. Baumeister the spiteful Lisa.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE—THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

This new version of the *Prompter's Box* is so little altered from the original that one almost regrets that the name of an old favourite should have been changed. With all respect for the unprecedented run of *Our Boys* we must own to thinking the *Prompter's Box* the more enjoyable play of the two, with its pleasing characters, its pretty love-story, and the brilliant wit which lights up so many of its scenes. There is a touch of good-nature in all the personages with the exception of the hard-hearted father, which establishes quite a homely sympathy between the audience and the stage; even the vain and irritable rival actress, who plots with such bitter energy against the happiness of the heroine, shows by her repentance and efforts at atonement in the last act that she has a better side to her character. We know few plays which leave so pleasant a taste in the mouth. De Lacy Fitzaltamont, the disappointed, or as he is now called, the "crushed" tragedian, whose unconscious humour contributes so much to the merriment of the piece, is perhaps the most perfect and original character that Mr. Byron has created in the course of his long connexion with the stage. The retired butterman in *Our Boys* is more uproariously amusing, but he is more of a stage type placed in ludicrous situations and furnished with laughable sayings; there is not the same subtle blending of humour and pathos that there is in the character of Fitzaltamont. The latter is thought of after we have left the theatre as a real man whose acquaintance we have made; his rare combination of external oddity with simple-mindedness and kindness of heart is a continual feast to the memory.

Perhaps it was because we went to see the play rather than Mr. Sothern that we were less disappointed than some visitors seem to have been on the first night, and enjoyed it thoroughly from beginning to end. The change of the title had produced a fear that the play would be seriously altered, and we were delighted to have our apprehensions on that point removed. The only conspicuous difference between the play as it stands now and as we remember it is the absence of the very subordinate character of Dick Bristowe, the scapegrace brother who terrifies his sister into renouncing her lover for a sum of money. The wicked Dick formerly came on the stage and laid down some excellent maxims about sisterly affection and the duty of "putting the screw on swells"; he now effects his purpose by means of a letter, and later on makes reparation without putting in an appearance. If we remember rightly, there was also in the original a scene at the beginning of the fourth act in which the humours of the stage door were re-

presented. But otherwise there is very little change in the words of the play. We do not think that some of Mr. Sothern's catchwords, such as, "I do not care about it at all—I rather like it," and "A little one of my own—I throw them off like that," received so much prominence as they do now, if, indeed, they were in the play at all. But all the happiest sayings with which Mr. Sothern sets the audience in a roar belong to the original Fitzaltamont. When the mercurial Mountcashel breaks into shrill laughter in his presence, he still makes the pathetic complaint that "he has not been so much laughed at since he played Othello." He still retorts with supreme contempt upon the banker who tells him he has not been within the walls of a theatre for twenty years by informing him that it is precisely the same period since he has crossed the doors of a bank, and exultingly confides to the audience that he thinks "he had him there."

We cannot say that Mr. Sothern seems to us to have improved Fitzaltamont by exaggerating his oddities, making his melodramatic gestures more pronounced, and giving him a marvellously hoarse and husky voice. Mr. Sothern's performance is a wonderful *tour de force*, but Fitzaltamont is much too essentially humorous a character to need these elaborate arts to make the audience laugh. They are thrown away upon him, and, what is more, they tend to put him out of tune with the rest of the piece. Irresistibly laughable as is his reappearance with the bag of oranges at the end of the second act, the majority of the audience would be better pleased if he allowed the curtain to fall without reappearing. And if he came less conspicuously before the footlights at the close of the last act we should be none the less willing to "give him our hands." Still, these are minor blemishes in an extremely clever performance, and they do not prevent Fitzaltamont from being one of the most enjoyable characters to be seen on the stage.

VARIORUM NOTES.

A fire is one of the few picturesque sights we have left in London. The fire engines dashing up through the crowd to the smoking house, with their prancing horses and helmeted crew, are a really splendid spectacle. Last Sunday morning there was a fire in some houses lying between Holywell-street and Wych-street; and five or six engines puffing, snorting, grinding, and whistling in these narrow old thoroughfares, with the men of the brigade running about in their glittering accoutrements and the varied and fitful lights playing on the staring, awestruck, comparatively squalid crowd, might have furnished a scene for Dante's 'Inferno.' We ought to be glad, perhaps, in the interests of sensational spectacle, that the municipal authorities, or the imperial authorities, or whoever are the responsible parties, are so slow to deprive us of these exhibitions by putting our water supply on a proper footing. Blessed is London above all other English cities in the matter of fires!

Languid circulation at the extremities is said to be evidence of a want of vigour at the heart. The day after the fire in Holywell-street there was a curious example of the laxity of our municipal organisation. A barricade was put up opposite the houses which had been burnt down, and four policemen were told off to guard it. But no notice was put up at either end of the thoroughfare to warn passengers of the obstruction, consequently people poured along as usual till they were stopped by the police and compelled to make a *détour*. It is a moderate calculation that on Monday last at least 7,000 foot passengers lost two minutes each in this way. The business of the Strand was despoiled of something like twenty days' time to save the authorities the few minutes that it would have taken to see to the erection of a warning placard! But there is a wise purpose, no doubt, in all this; it is well that we should occasionally be reminded of the evils of living at high pressure, and have an example now and then of people who take life with leisurely equanimity.

If the Board of Works think it well not to hurry about providing for bare material wants, it is gratifying to know that they keep a strict watch on the weightier matters of house decoration in such property as is under their control. Mr. James Whistler recently leased a plot of ground belonging to the Board of Works in Chelsea, and built a house upon it, a slated house of yellow brick, an "Arrangement," we dare say the artist would call it, in Blue and Gold. The house is designed, so to speak, from the inside, and is a model of ingenious utilisation of space. The exterior of the house is partly determined by this, and has not the appearance of ordinary dwellings; still, there is a pretty simplicity about the look of it which contrasts refreshingly with the gaudy architecture of some of its neighbours. But plain unadorned neatness does not suit the taste of the Board of Works, and they have ordered the unfortunate artist to cover the "front elevation" of his house with a mass of gingerbread decorations which will completely ruin its simple effect. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.

It is too bad of the Royal Academy to interfere with the moral influence of Mr. Frith's picture, "The Road to Ruin," by stationing policemen on each side of it. The very persons who would be most likely to benefit by its lessons are thereby prevented from seeing it. The sight of the officer of the law is too much for them, they dare not look him in the face, and so give a wide berth to a picture which might be of incalculable service to their morals however detrimental to their taste. Perhaps the Academy will take this into consideration, and give a special private view of the picture without its present alarming accessories to those whom it particularly concerns.

A distinguished French officer and member of the Chamber died suddenly at the beginning of the week, M. Denfert-Rochereau, the hero of the defence of Belfort in the Franco-German war. The defence of Belfort was one of the most memorable episodes in the war. The garrison sustained 104 days of siege and sixty-three of bombardment, during which it was calculated that 410,000 projectiles were thrown from the investing lines. When the Prussian general summoned Colonel Denfert to surrender "to preserve the population from the horrors of war," the gallant commander replied with French point that, "after duly weighing in his conscience the reasons which General Treskow had advanced, it seemed to him that the only means of saving the population of Belfort from the horrors of a siege consistent with honour and humanity was the retreat of the Prussian army." When by some strange blunder Belfort was not included in the armistice of the 28th of January, Colonel Denfert still held out till the garrison was allowed to retire with the honours of war, carrying with them the archives of the place.

The House of Representatives in Washington loses a conspicuous figure by the death of Mr. Morrissey, the prize-fighter, gambling-house-keeper and party wire-puller. Morrissey made his fame in the prize ring and his fortune in the gambling hell, and was carried into Congress, we believe, rather by the kindly pressure of admiring friends than by any ambition of his own for political success. He developed, however, somewhat late in life, as other great men have done, a remarkable gift of political intrigue, and became the guiding spirit of a New York faction. He visited this country some years since, and is said to have had the honour of being presented at Court, when we presume his qualifications for such a distinction were not precisely understood.

The City Liberal Club Association which came into existence with the Devonshire only opened its permanent home on Thursday last. It has certainly provided very comfortable quarters for its members. The club is large and light, for the traditional darkness of the City is completely conquered by careful building, and, as every inch of space has been economised, the very large dimensions of the place appear much larger than they really are. The wine-cellar, an especially important room in a new club, has been treated with the care it deserves, and the result is decidedly triumphant. In accordance with the tastes of the moment, a certain tinge of "æstheticism" is evident in the decoration of the rooms, but comfort has everywhere been the main consideration, and no oppressive concessions are made to the reigning furniture mania. In short, the new club-house is as successful as it can possibly be,

and the lines of the eleven hundred and odd members have fallen in very pleasant places indeed.

Recent letters from America bring the regrettable news that Watt Whitman, who was considered to be greatly improving in general health, has had a relapse of late, and has been suffering severely from paralysis. He is gradually but very slowly getting better, and is devoting all his strength and time to the preparation of a new volume.

A curious theory has been started to account for the eccentricities of the famous old King of Bavaria, of Lola Montez celebrity, the grandfather of the present Wagner devotee. Louis I. was born at Strasbourg, where his father was French general, in 1786, and in honour of the event many veteran grenadiers cut off their beards and had a pillar stuffed with them and sent as a present to the infant prince. It is contended that a prince who began life in so fantastic a manner, by sleeping on the beards of soldiers, could scarcely be considered accountable for his actions in later life. The idea is worthy of the father of Tristram Shandy.

A Berlin Socialist has written a poem in praise of Petroleum to be sung as a drinking song to an air from "La Fille de Madame Angot." The chorus runs somewhat to this effect:—

Petroleum here, petroleum there,
Hail petroleum everywhere!
Let the bumpers cheer the pumpers;
Toast petroleum high in air!

The author of the descriptive account of Mr. Millais' picture of "The Bride of Lammermoor," which is given to visitors to the King-street Galleries, does not seem to be very well up in his Scott. He speaks of the "Bride of Lammermoor" as "the one purely tragic story from that bright and genial pen." It is well to know this, otherwise we should have fancied that "Kenilworth" was not purely "bright and genial," that "St. Ronan's Well" could scarcely be considered unalloyed mirth, or "The Highland Widow" and the "Two Drovers" purely comic. The writer also observes that "the only liberty Mr. Millais seems to have taken with Sir Walter is in the substitution of a broad-leafed Spanish hat for the Montero cap." But Mr. Millais has painted Lucy Ashton clad in a plaid, whereas Scott describes her as having worn a scarlet mantle which attracted the bull who caused the situation depicted by Mr. Millais.

People are not generally aware that Sir Coutts Lindsay fulfilled all the necessary regulations with regard to the license for the Grosvenor Gallery Restaurant. A magistrate's certificate can only be obtained in March, but it is the invariable custom on the part of the Revenue to allow persons recommended for a certificate to act as if they possessed one, the Inland Revenue undertaking not to prosecute. As Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery only opened in May he had to adopt this latter course. As far as we know, however, it has not been stated that in so doing he was only following a thousand examples and acting in strict conformity to a regular rule.

A curious illustration of the smallness of the world and the sameness of human circumstances appeared in the Agony Column of the *Standard* on Tuesday. The cries which go up from those columns are so much alike that mistakes must frequently happen, but it is not often that we get such a peep behind the scenes as is given by this advertiser who writes to warn his or her friend that "you may have been deceived by a systematic series of attempts to induce you to believe that messages have been sent by me to you under one or more of the following signatures," and proceeds to quote nearly all the mysterious names and initials that have appeared for some years:—"R A.; M C J L; Gems; Bay Leaf; Arthur—A K; Monkey; Treasure; Paradot 1 2 3 MD; Arcadia; G; A W L; J M; Annie; L—L; H H; Pilgrimage to what; D—P; C H; C Mizpah; Dover Castle; My Queen; MJL.—D; Alpha—Kappa; Georgie; J.LM; Agnes William; MQ—Loyal; H—AR; H—A; CHS; OWL; AR to H Berte; CH to G M R; Queenie; O M M R; Diavolo; Conqueror; Wild Rose; SE; A H; H R M; Tiney; H.R.M—J A—Z; C— X—K—; MJL—AA; LWL—LWB; Marion H; M L K; CF E C—; Hildred and Muriel; Mary; Heliotrope M T; Magnet; Cyril Brown; D C M G F; C to B—Prophet of the Heath; C H—; Ring; D U O; Help; Horace; Fides; Y O W; Violet; Birdie; Green; Cara Mia; LE; D K; Hri; Mihi; Hastings Sybil; S C H; Francis Y K W—; Lizzie; Lottie; C M; GM; W G; G C; J M—H H; Vera; Neve; C C; A M G—FWG; Ord; DF; LD; Veritas; Philomel; Fidelis; G A B; Apology; M Grey; GBR; Trueheart; J to A; Changeless; LE; ME Darling; C. Winter; Blue; Maslyn; R to P; JN; Semea Glyd; Ruby; JFO; L C M; DK; ACM; Pussy; L R S; S R; Liveheart; Richard; S D S; H M S; EL; Waterloo."

There is a good old Californian story of a carter whose fame for strong language was such that his name was a proverb along the western coast from San Francisco to San Diego. One day this gentleman was driving a waggon of apples up a hill, when the tail board came out, and the apples rolled one after the other down the slope. The neighbours assembled expecting to hear something more than usually choice. To their surprise the veteran, after a brief interval of silence, mopped his forehead with his handkerchief and calmly remarked, "My friends, this is an occasion to which I am unequal." In our own humble way we can only offer the same criticism on the opening chapter of 'Isabel, Lady Selperton,' a novel by the Earl of Desart:—

"*Cogito, ergo sum.* This is the most certain of all truths says Descartes. *Amo, ergo sum* is surely as true and far more beautiful. Man has been described as a cooking animal. Might he not with as much reason be described as a loving animal? Animals without souls have, no doubt, fidelity, affection by instinct, something even closely imitating love; but it is man, and man alone, who is capable of feeling the mysterious pleasure so largely compounded of pain, which, in our poverty of language, we have christened by the variously used title of love. A learned doctor, discoursing on the human mind, says that when a person first discovers his power of *thinking* he resembles one who has all of a sudden received the sense of smell, and has had a rose placed in his hand. 'He finds himself affected in a new way; he knows not why or from what cause. He cannot from the nature of the thing determine whether it is caused by body or spirit.' And when a man first discovers his power of *loving?* Does he not *live* then in reality and thoroughness for the first time? Does he not discover then in what attributes he principally rises superior to the beasts of the field? Does he not thank Heaven for giving him the power of understanding the splendid agony? 'Sweet as first love!' What is there that comes near it? Often also to be 'wild with all regret,' to fade away into the world of shadow and sad remembrance; but, while we have it, incomparable, divine! Before the age of wisdom and sneering has come, while the young blood courses swiftly in our veins, and we are not ashamed to yield even to impulses we do not understand, what is there in after life, with its sober successes, and rivalries, and excitements, to compare to the maddening joys we can receive from looking into a pair of loving eyes?"

To this "occasion" we candidly confess ourselves, like the Californian carter, altogether unequal.

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Belham-Edwards, M.—Brother Gabriel. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Hurst and Blackett. 31s. 6d.

Bonnaffé, Edmond.—Causeries sur L'Art et la Curiosité. (Large demy 8vo, pp. 257.) Paris: A. Quantin.

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Notes and Comments.
The Schouvaloff Mission. Russia and Roumania.
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A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, in SUPPORT of the BILL to REMOVE the ELECTORAL DISABILITIES of WOMEN, on THURSDAY, May 23rd. The chair will be taken at 8 p.m., by J. T. HIBBERT, Esq., M.P. Mrs. Fawcett, Professor W. B. Hodgson, C. H. Hopwood, Esq., Q.C., M.P., Miss Becker, Professor W. H. Hunter, Thomas Hare, Esq., Miss Downing, and other friends of the movement are expected to address the meeting. ADMISSION FREE. A few reserved seat tickets can be obtained at the Hall, or at the Office of the Society, 64, Berner's-street, W.

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The confidence of the Managing Director in the success of the Bank is shown by his being willing to make the payment for the transfer of his business and the dividends on his Founder's Shares contingent upon at least 10 per cent. Dividend being paid on the share capital, and also by his large holding in the Shares of the Bank.

No promotion money whatever will be paid; the expenses of formation of the Company are strictly confined to the actual necessary outlay.

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NAME OF BANK.	LAST DIVIDEND DECLARED.
London and Westminster	14 per cent.
London Joint Stock	18 „
London and County	18 „
Union Bank	15 „
City Bank	10 „
London and South Western	8 „
Consolidated	10 „
Central	8 „
National Provincial Bank of England	21 „
Birmingham Joint Stock	20 „
Clydesdale Banking	14 „
Liverpool Union	10 „
North Wilts and Dorset	20 „
Pares, Leicestershire	14 „
Stamford, Spalding and Boston	17 „
Worcester City and County	13 „
Bank of Whitehaven	20 „

The average premium at which the above Shares stand is over 150 per cent. on the amount paid up.

To render the Shares of the GENERAL BANKING COMPANY (Limited) equally valuable will be the object of the Chairman and Directors.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz., 15th March, 1878, between W. T. P. Watkins and A. Grant, and 1st May, 1878, between N. M. Maxwell and A. Grant, both relating to the acquisition of the Freehold Banking House; and three Contracts, dated 1st May, 1878, between A. Grant and the General Banking Company (Limited), severally relating to the transfer of the business, the purchase by the Company of the Freehold Banking Premises, fixtures and furniture, &c., and the appointment of Managing Director.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and copies of the Agreements entered into, may be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Wilkins, Blyth, and Fanshawe, the solicitors of the Company, 10, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C., London.

Applications for Shares must be made on the enclosed Form, accompanied by the deposit of 1*l.* per share, and be forwarded to the Secretary, at the Banking House, 103, Cannon-street, E.C., London, on or before Saturday, the 25th day of May instant, when the Lists of Application will be closed.

With a view to extending the influence of the Bank over as large an area as possible, the allotment will be made upon the following basis:—All applications for not exceeding 100 shares will first receive allotments in full; applicants for more than 100 shares, (in the event of the total applications exceeding the amount to be allotted,) will be reduced in equal proportions.

Should any applicant receive no allotment the deposit paid will be returned forthwith without deduction; and should a smaller amount be allotted than applied for, the balance paid on application will be applied towards payment of the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses and Subscription Forms can be had on application.

By order of the Board, JOHN FREDERIC COPELAND, *Secretary.*

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Address .....
Profession (if any) .....
Date .....1878.
Signature .....

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